

PDC

# BOY

## COMICS

NO. 18  
TEN CENTS

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS  
INTEGRITY

BIRO



## The image features a dense collage of vintage comic book covers as a background. The covers include titles such as "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Each cover displays different characters and genres, ranging from superheroes to humor and horror. Overlaid on top of this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



# CRIMEBUSTER



IN AMERICA A MAN IS INNOCENT UNTIL HE IS PROVEN GUILTY! THIS IS NOT SO IN DICTATOR COUNTRIES. IN JAPAN AND NAZIDOM, IT IS JUST THE OPPOSITE, BUT THERE ARE THOSE IN OUR COUNTRY WHO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS GREAT BENEFIT OF DEMOCRACY. THEY'RE THE VENOMOUS ENEMIES FROM WITHIN WHO WOULD DESTROY ALL THOSE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH WE ARE GIVING OUR ALL TO PRESERVE. THESE CRIMINALS STOP AT NOTHING—MURDER IS THEIR TRADE, BUT AMERICA HAS AN ANSWER WHICH WILL BE WRITTEN IN THEIR BLOOD UPON THE GALLOWES AND ELECTRIC CHAIRS OF OUR PRISONS AND THAT ANSWER WILL READ THUS: THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD, SHALL DIE BY THE SWORD! THIS IS THE STORY OF SOME OF THOSE FOOLS!

*Charles Biro*



I'M SICK! I'M MISERABLE!  
I CAN'T GO TO DOVER!  
YOU'LL DO ME A BIG  
FAVOR BY TAKING MY  
PLACE, CRIMEBUSTER—  
BESIDES, IT'S YOUR  
CIVIC DUTY!

CIVIC DUTY—TO SPEAK  
TO A BUNCH OF OLD  
LADIES ON LAW AND  
ORDER? NOTHING  
DOING, PAL! GET  
SOMEBODY ELSE!

THERE ISN'T ANY-  
ONE ELSE! YOU'RE  
THE ONLY ONE! YOU'VE  
JUST GOT TO GO!  
ARE YOU MY FRIEND,  
OR NOT?

O.K., I'LL GO,  
BUT YOU'RE  
ASKING AN  
AWFUL LOT OF  
A FRIEND!



THANKS! I  
KNEW YOU  
WOULDN'T LET  
ME DOWN!  
YOU'RE TO AP-  
PEAR AT THE  
SCHOOL!

I THINK  
I'M MAK-  
ING A BIG  
MISTAKE!

SO THIS IS DOVER!  
IT'S SO SMALL THE  
TRAIN CONDUCTOR  
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW  
IT WAS HERE!

HELLO! I  
WONDER IF YOU  
COULD TELL ME  
HOW TO GET TO  
THE SCHOOL!

HOWDY!  
SAY, YOU'RE  
**CRIMEBUSTER**,  
AIN'TCHA?



HEY, FELLERS,  
LOOK WHO I  
GOT WITH ME—  
**CRIME-  
BUSTER!**

IF WE  
KNEW WHEN  
YOU WERE COM-  
ING, WE WOULD'VE  
HAD A BAND  
OUT TO MEET  
YOU!

WE GOT TH  
TELEGRAM  
SAYIN' LOOVER  
COULDN'T MAKE  
IT, AN' YOU WERE  
COMIN' IN HIS  
PLACE!

IT'S NICE MEETING  
YOU FELLOWS, BUT  
DON'T YOU THINK  
WE SHOULD  
START FOR  
THE  
SCHOOL?

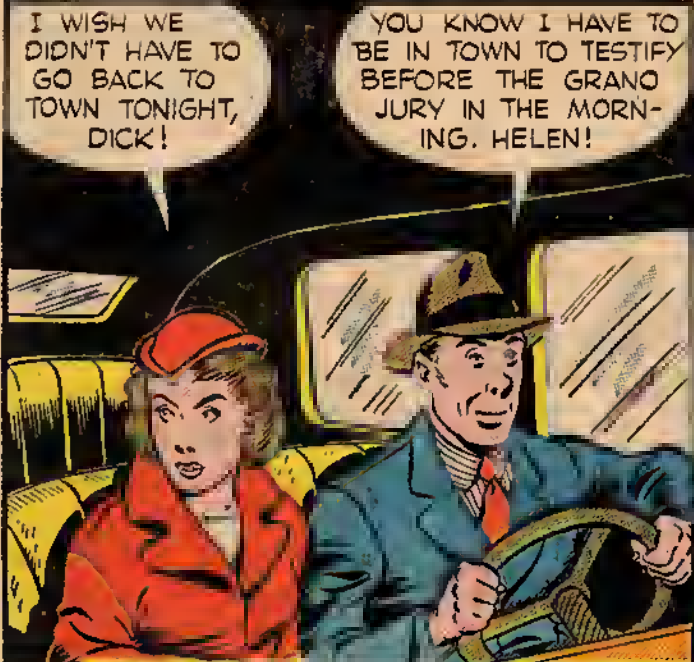
WE WANTED TO ASK YOU  
TO SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A  
TOWN THIS SIZE NEEDING  
THREE POLICEMEN IN  
YOUR SPEECH TONIGHT!

THE CITY  
COUNCIL'S TRYIN'  
TO THROW US  
OUT OF OUR  
JOBS! NOTHING  
EVER HAPPENS  
IN THIS  
BURG!

WHAT THIS TOWN  
NEEDS IS A  
GOOD MURDER!

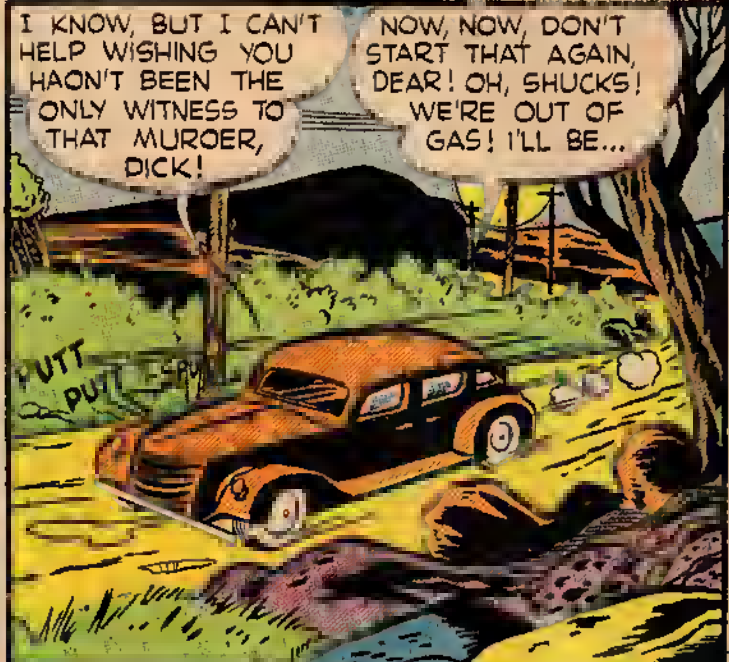






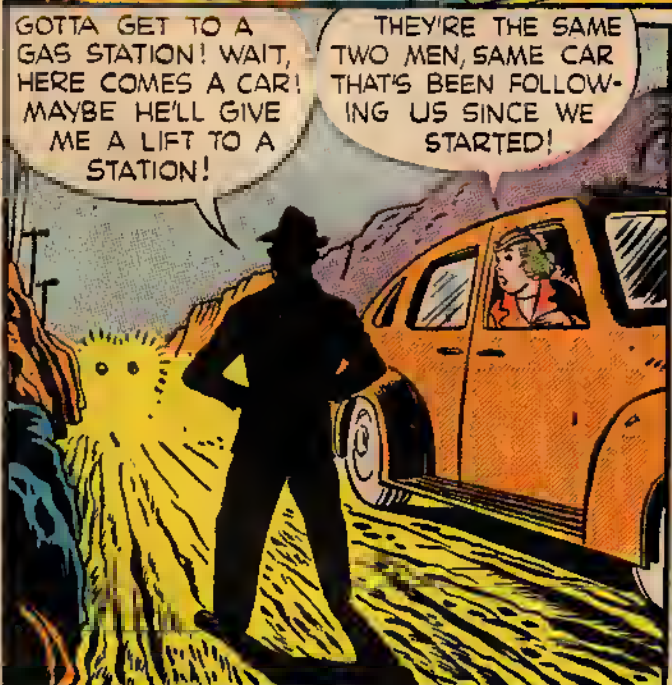
I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO TOWN TONIGHT, DICK!

YOU KNOW I HAVE TO BE IN TOWN TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE GRAND JURY IN THE MORNING. HELEN!



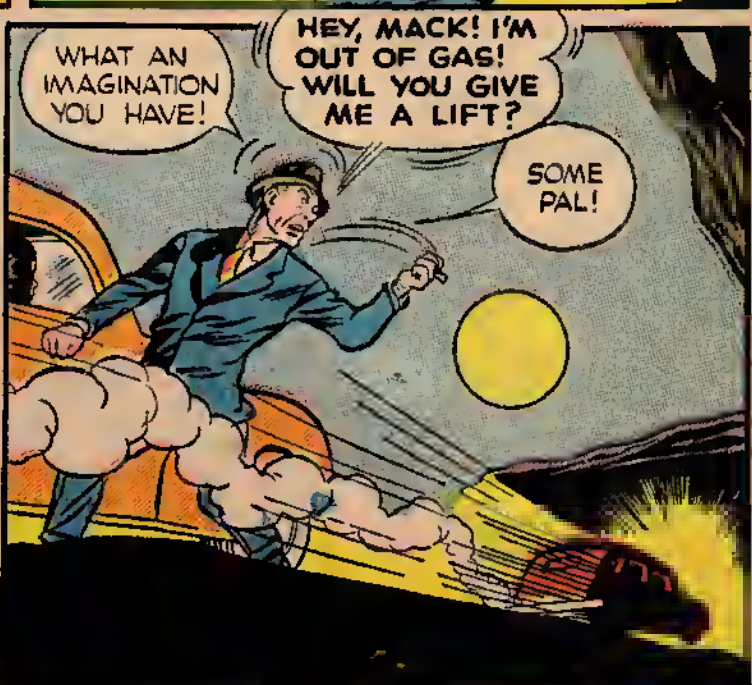
I KNOW, BUT I CAN'T HELP WISHING YOU HADN'T BEEN THE ONLY WITNESS TO THAT MURDER, DICK!

NOW, NOW, DON'T START THAT AGAIN, DEAR! OH, SHUCKS! WE'RE OUT OF GAS! I'LL BE...



GOTTA GET TO A GAS STATION! WAIT, HERE COMES A CAR! MAYBE HE'LL GIVE ME A LIFT TO A STATION!

THEY'RE THE SAME TWO MEN, SAME CAR THAT'S BEEN FOLLOWING US SINCE WE STARTED!



WHAT AN IMAGINATION YOU HAVE!

HEY, MACK! I'M OUT OF GAS! WILL YOU GIVE ME A LIFT?

SOME PAL!



SO HE'S OUT OF GAS! NOW, AIN'T THAT TOO BAD?

GOT AN IDEA. JOHNNY, HUH, JOHNNY?



THE GAS STATION CAN'T BE SO FAR! YOU STAY HERE, HELEN! I'LL BE BACK IN NO TIME!



I WISH I WENT WITH DICK! IT'S SPOOKY HERE! WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?





HI, HONEY! I'M BACK! I'VE GOT ENOUGH GAS TO GET US BACK TO THE GAS STATION!



HEY, SWEET! CAN'T YOU HEAR... WHY, HELEN! HELEN SPEAK TO ME! OH, MY HEAVENS!

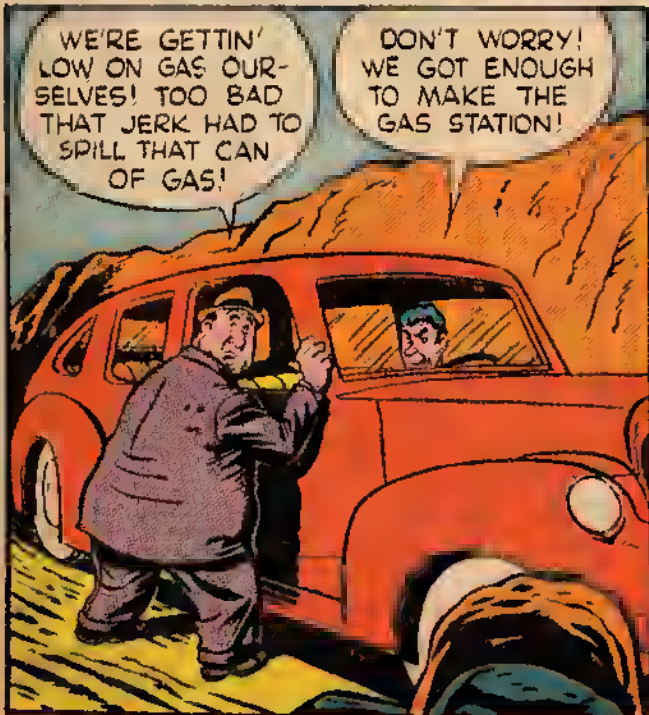


"YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE NEXT AND THEN YOU, IF YOU DON'T FORGET ABOUT A CERTAIN SOMETHING A GRAND JURY WANTS TO KNOW!"



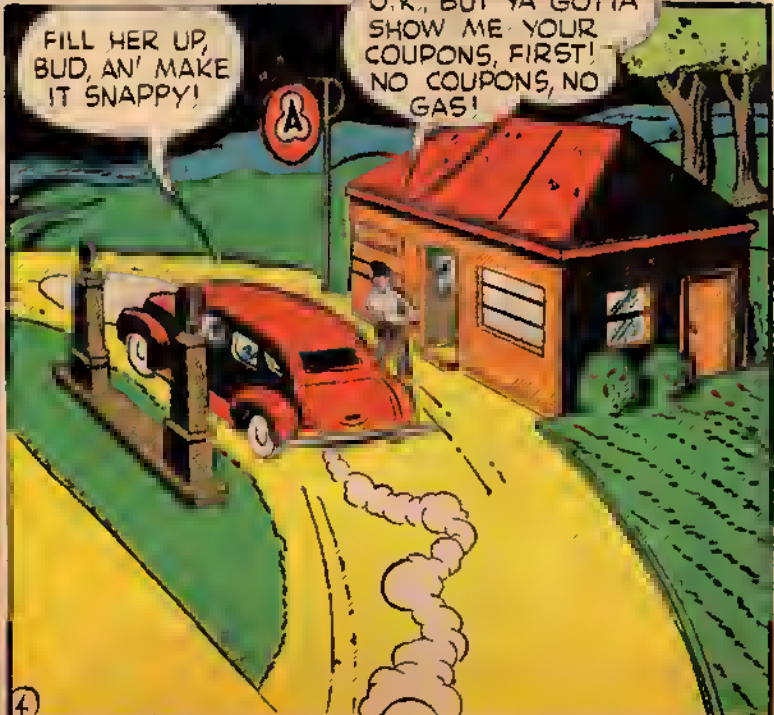
O.K. CIRCLE, GET THE KNIFE AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE BIG TOWN!

LOOK AT'IM RUN! HE WON'T BE DOIN' ANY MORE GABBIN' ABOUT JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT, EH, JOHNNY?



WE'RE GETTIN' LOW ON GAS OURSELVES! TOO BAD THAT JERK HAD TO SPILL THAT CAN OF GAS!

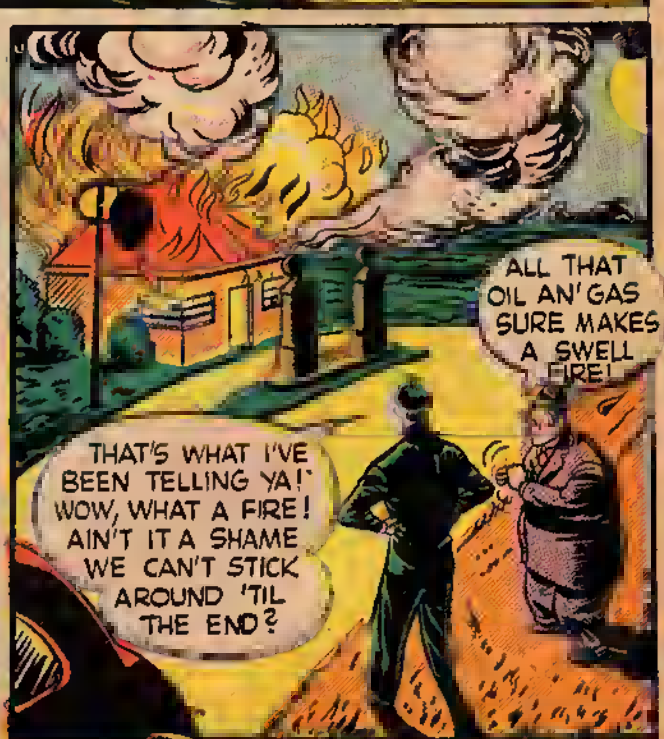
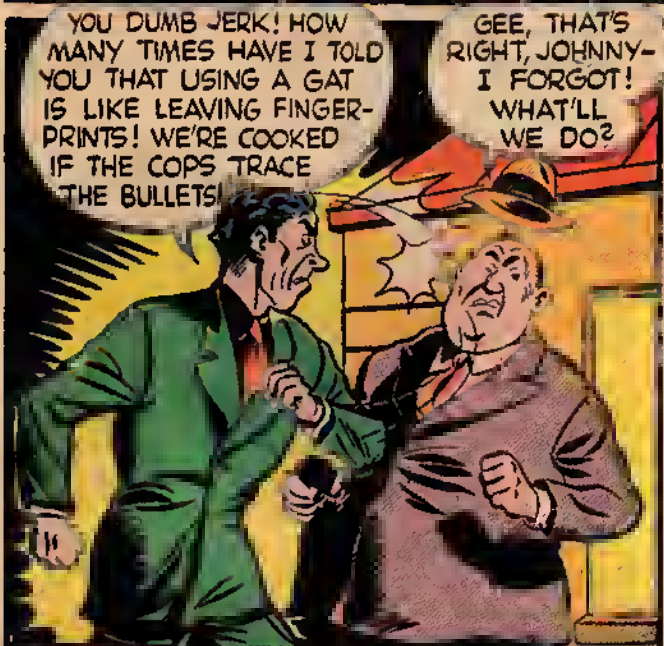
DON'T WORRY! WE GOT ENOUGH TO MAKE THE GAS STATION!



FILL HER UP, BUD, AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY!

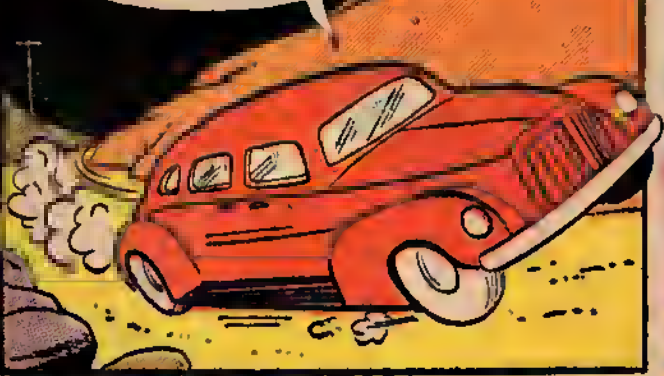
O.K., BUT YA GOTTA SHOW ME YOUR COUPONS, FIRST! NO COUPONS, NO GAS!





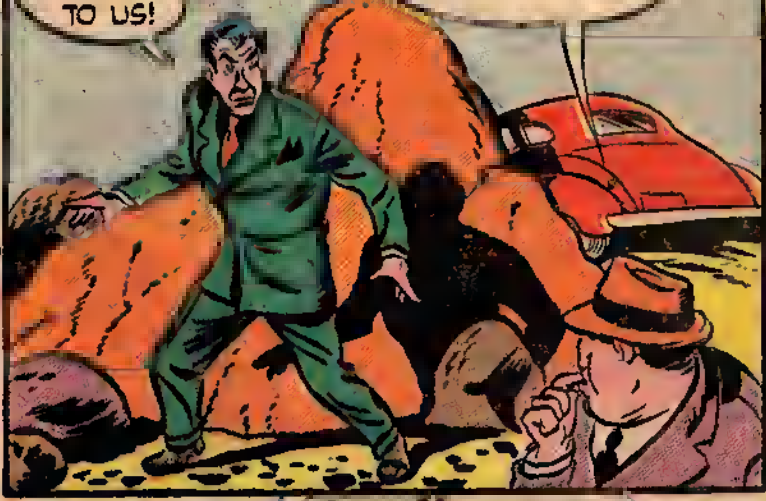


WE BETTER DUMP THIS CAR!  
WHEN THE DROOP STARTS CRYIN'  
TO THESE YOKEL COPPERS  
ABOUT HIS WIFE, THEY JUST  
MIGHT BE SMART ENOUGH  
TO SEND OUT AN. ALARM!  
AND STRANGERS IN THESE  
PARTS SHOW UP LIKE  
LIGHTHOUSES!



IT'S A HOT CAR,  
ANYWAY, SO WE  
NEEDN'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT BEING  
TRACED  
TO US!

GEE, AN' AFTER ALL  
THE TROUBLE WE  
HAD GETTIN' THE  
GAS, NOW WE GOTTA  
LEAVE IT!



TOOT!  
TOOT!



HEY MIKE! THE  
FLAG'S UP! SOME-  
BODY WANTS TO  
GET ON AT  
DOVER!



FUNNY ?? NOBODY'S  
ON THE STATION! MAYBE  
THE STATIONMASTER  
FORGOT TO PUT THE  
FLAG DOWN!



MAKE FOR  
THE TOP  
CIRCLE!

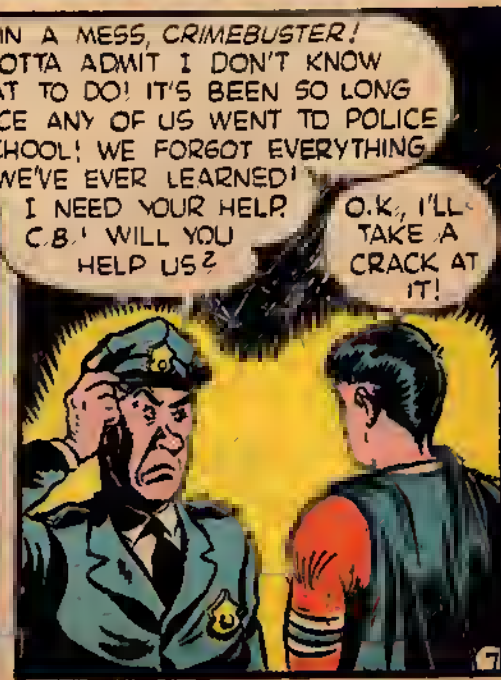
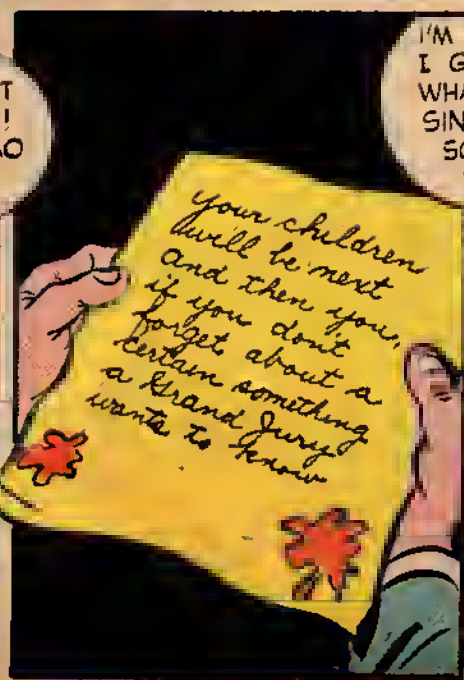
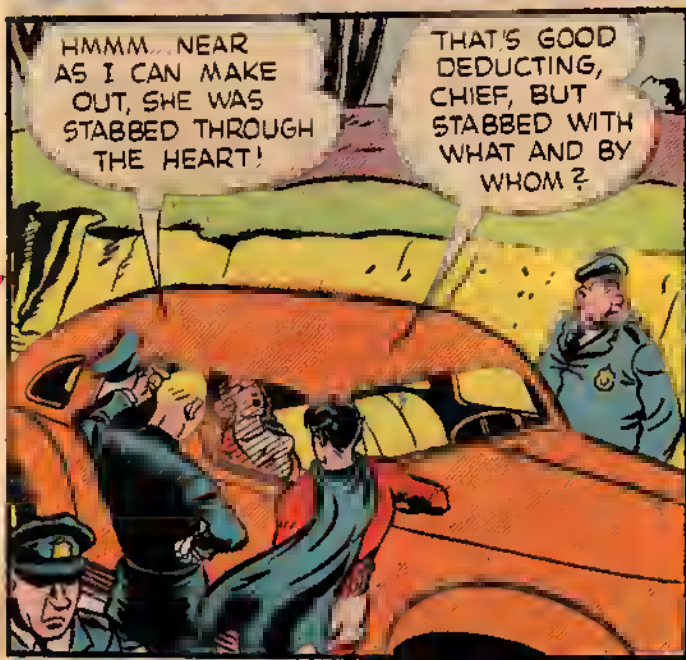
WHAT'S  
THE IDEA,  
JOHNNY?



THEN WE CAN GET  
TO THE MAIL CAR  
IN FRONT WITH-  
OUT BEING SPOTTED,  
DOPE!







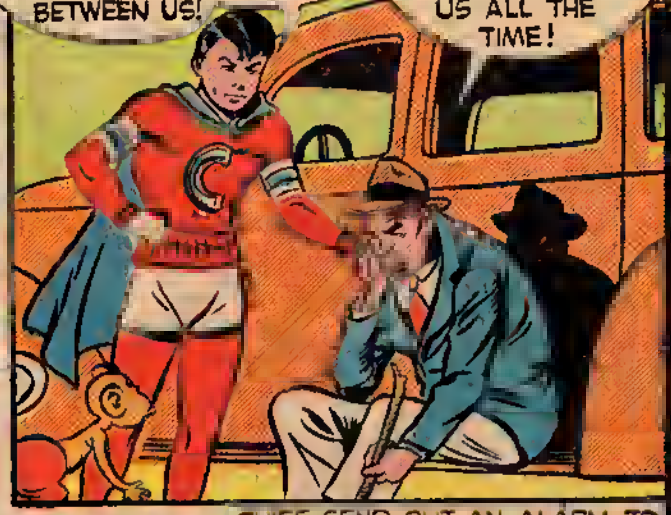
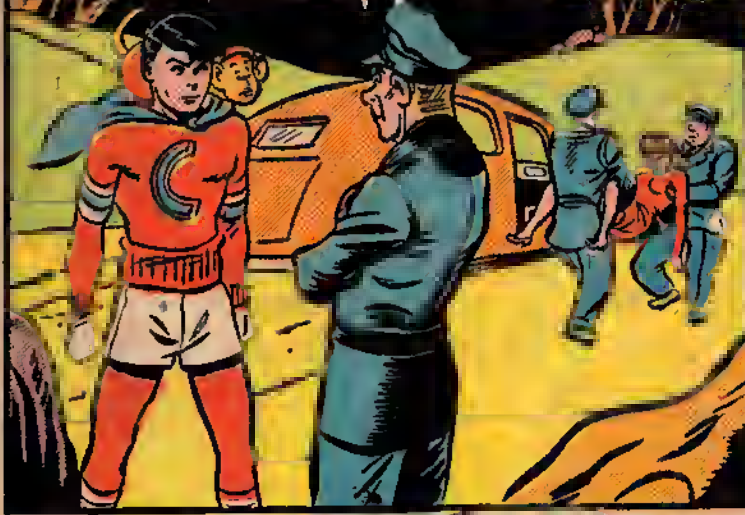


IF IT'S UNDERSTOOD, THERE WILL BE NO INTERFERENCE! I MUST HAVE A FREE HAND!

CERTAINLY, CRIMEBUSTER, AND WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO HELP YOU!

TRY AND PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU SAW AND O'D TONIGHT! THE LONGER YOU TAKE, THE MORE DISTANCE THE MURDERER CAN PUT BETWEEN US!

MY WIFE AND I WERE COMING DOWN FROM WOODSTOCK WHEN I RAN OUT OF GAS! A CAR WAS IN BACK OF US ALL THE TIME!

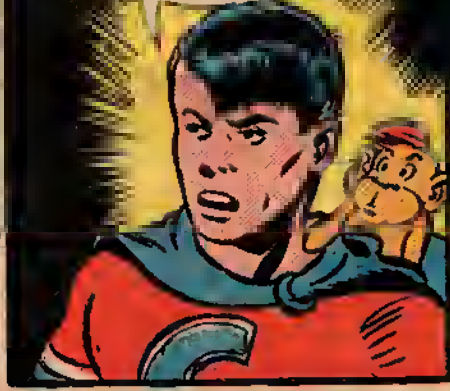


I YELLED TO THEM TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO THE GAS STATION, BUT THEY KEPT ON GOING! THEN I WALKED TO THE STATION. WHEN I CAME BACK, I FOUND....OH, SHE TOLD ME THE CAR WAS FOLLOWING US--IF ONLY I HAD LISTENED TO HER!

DID YOU SEE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE? WHAT KIND OF A CAR WAS IT?

IT WAS A '42. BLACK SEDAN! I COULDN'T SEE THE DRIVER, BUT THE GUY WITH HIM WAS SHORT, FAT, ABOUT MIDDLE-AGE!

CHIEF, SEND OUT AN ALARM TO THE NEIGHBORING TOWNS! IF THOSE TWO ARE HEADING FOR THE CITY, THEY'LL HAVE TO DRIVE THROUGH--ALSO, THEY MAY OF OITCHEO THE CAR AND TAKEN A TRAIN, SO HAVE UNRELESS SENT TO ALL TRAINS!



I'M GOING TO GET THOSE MURDERING SKUNKS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! THERE'S NOTHING LOWER THAN A RAT WHO KILLS INNOCENT PEOPLE JUST TO SCARE OR HURT SOMEBODY ELSE!

THAT'S WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THE NOTE IS ON THE LEVEL, WHY O'DN'T THEY BUMP THE HUSBAND OFF?

DICK HAS MADE A SWORN STATEMENT TO THE D.A.! IF THEY KILLED HIM, THAT STATEMENT WOULD HOLD! BUT, THIS WAY, THEY CAN SCARE HIM INTO RETRACTING THE STATEMENT!

YES, THAT'S RIGHT!

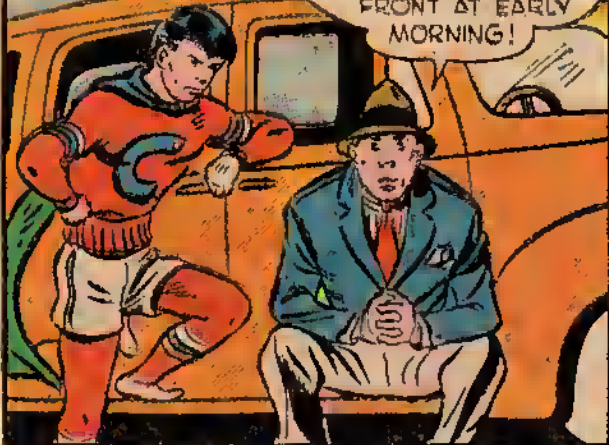
I GET IT! WHY, THE LOW DOWN DIRTY RATS!



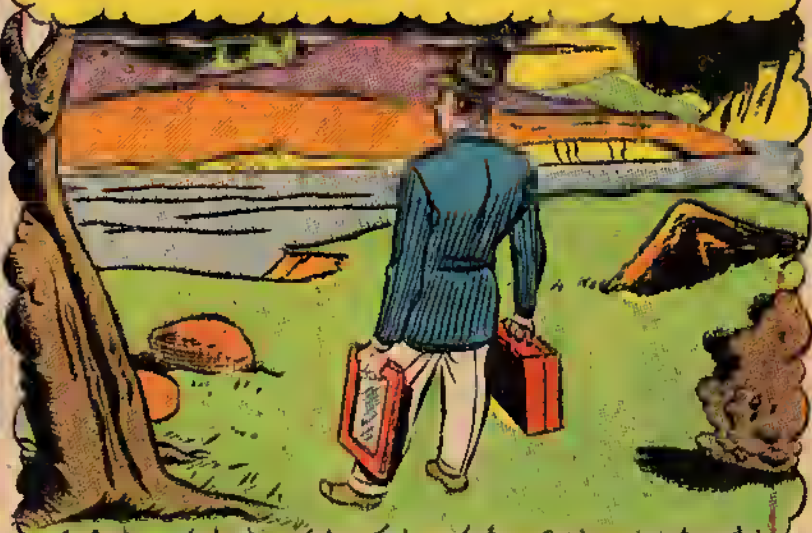


O.K., DICK, NOW  
TELL ME EVERY-  
THING THAT LED  
UP TO THAT  
NOTE!

WELL, I'M AN ARTIST,  
AND ONE MORNING ABOUT  
THREE WEEKS AGO, I GOT  
UP BEFORE DAWN! I  
WANTED TO PAINT A  
PICTURE OF THE RIVER-  
FRONT AT EARLY  
MORNING!



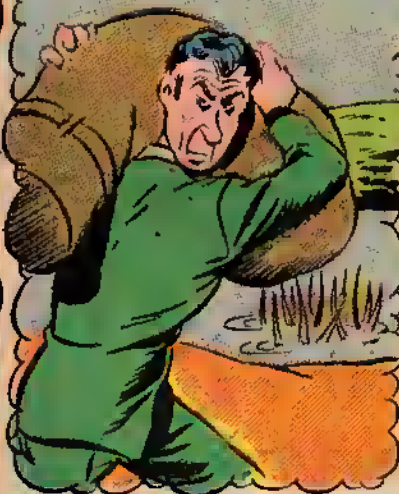
"IT WAS STILL DARK WHEN I REACHED THE RIVER. I WAS  
LOOKING AROUND FOR A GOOD SPOT TO PAINT WHEN  
I HEARD A CAR..."



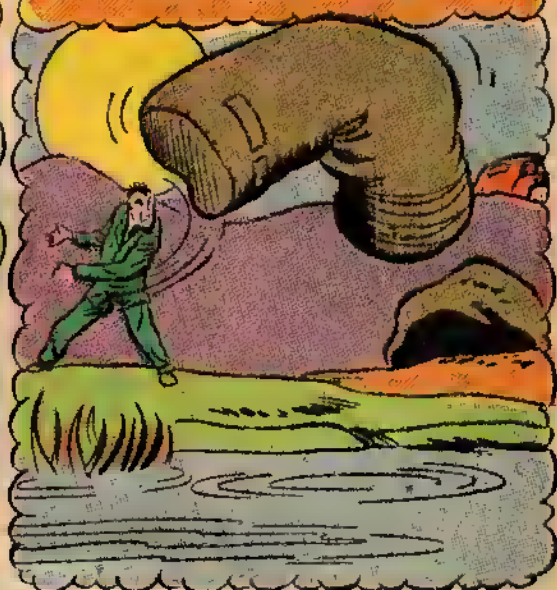
"I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE SOMEBODY  
WHO COULDN'T SLEEP AND I DIDN'T  
WANT TO BE DISTURBED, SO I HID  
BEHIND A ROCK AND  
WATCHED..."



THE GUY WAS CARRYING A  
DUFFLE BAG. HE WALKED TO  
THE RIVER, THEN STOOD A  
MINUTE LOOKING AROUND...



...BEFORE HE HEAVED THE DUFFLE  
BAG INTO THE RIVER!



"THE GUY RAN BACK TO THE  
CAR AND DROVE AWAY—BY  
THAT TIME IT WAS DAWN!"



"I STARTED TO PAINT, BUT I  
COULDN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF  
THE DUFFLE BAG WHICH WAS  
FLOATING ON THE WATER!"



"AFTER AWHILE, I NOTICED A  
DARK STAIN COMING OUT OF  
THE BAG!"





"FINALLY MY CURIOSITY GOT THE BEST OF ME!  
I HAD TO KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE DUFFLE  
BAG!"

"I SNARED IT WITH MY EASEL TRIPOD BUT AS I  
WAS PULLING IT IN, I NOTICED THE STAIN THAT  
WAS COMING OUT OF IT WAS BLOOD!"

"SO I PULLED IT IN AND LEFT IT  
THERE AND THEN CAME BACK WITH  
A POLICEMAN WHO OPENED IT!"

WE FOUND A BODY IN  
IT WHICH WAS LATER  
IDENTIFIED AS FLANAGAN,  
OWNER OF 'CLUB MONTE'!  
THAT'S ALL, EXCEPT THAT  
I TOLD THE POLICE AND  
THE D.A. WHAT I SAW  
AND I'D KNOW THAT  
GUY WITH THE  
DUFFLE BAG  
ANYWHERE!

FLANAGAN! I REMEMBER—  
NOW WE'RE GETTING  
SOME PLACE! SAY, YOU'RE  
AN ARTIST—WHY CAN'T  
YOU SKETCH THE GUY  
BY THE RIVER, AND  
THE ONE IN THE  
CAR?

SURE I  
CAN! WHY  
DIDN'T I  
THINK OF THAT  
BEFORE?

AS NEAR AS I  
CAN REMEMBER, THIS  
IS WHAT THE TWO  
OF THEM LOOKED  
LIKE, CRIMEBUSTER!

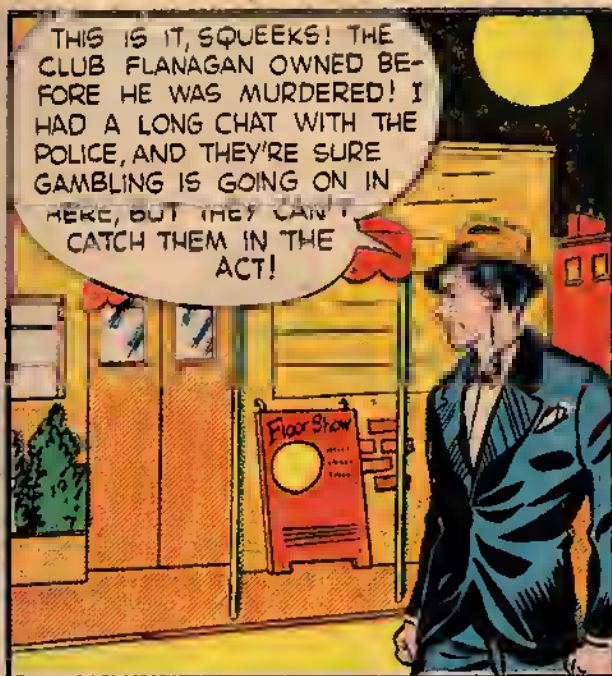
THIS IS SWELL!  
DICK, WITH THESE  
SKETCHES TO GO  
BY, WE SHOULD GET  
THOSE SKUNKS!

MEMORANDUM









THIS IS IT, SQUEEKS! THE CLUB FLANAGAN OWNED BEFORE HE WAS MURDERED! I HAD A LONG CHAT WITH THE POLICE, AND THEY'RE SURE GAMBLING IS GOING ON IN HERE, BUT THEY CAN'T CATCH THEM IN THE ACT!

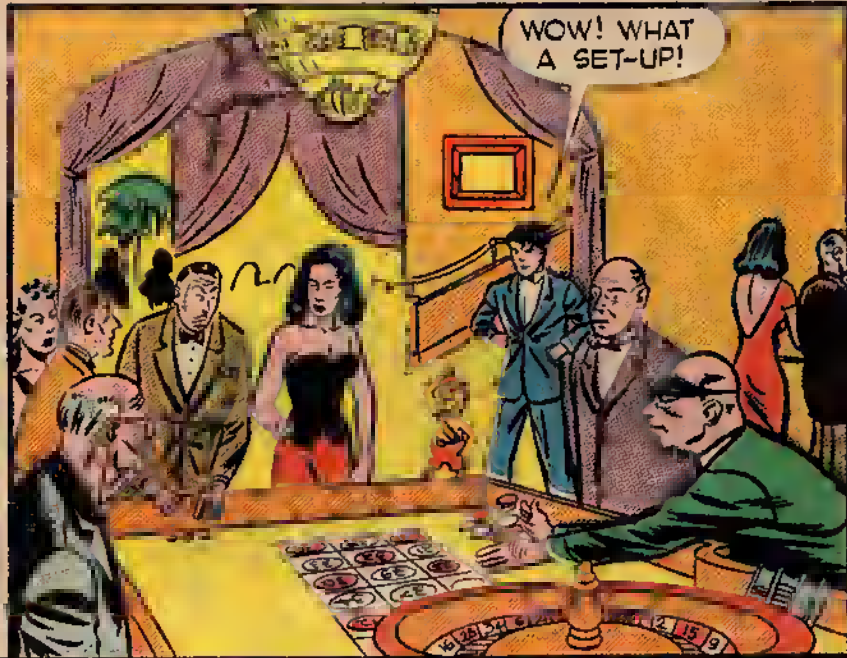


I'LL FEEL AROUND, FIRST! IF I DON'T SEE THE PUNKS I'M LOOKING FOR, I'LL START FLASHING THESE PICTURES! THE CHANCES ARE SOMEONE HERE WILL KNOW OF THEM!

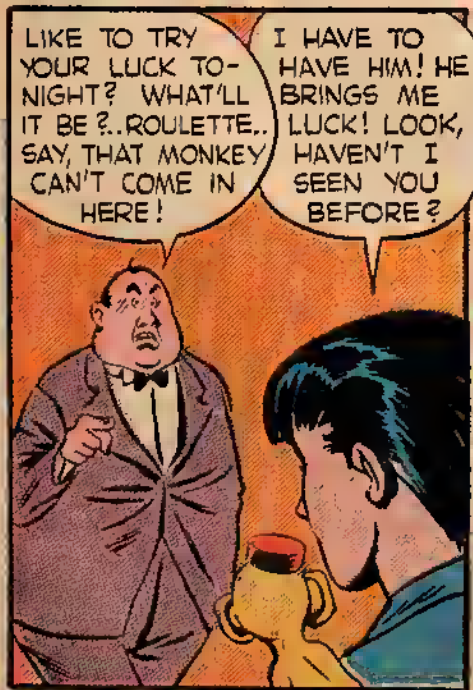


THINGS ARE A LITTLE TAME HERE! A FRIEND OF MINE SAID YOU COULD FIX ME UP WITH A LITTLE MORE EXCITEMENT!

IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, SIR!



WOW! WHAT A SET-UP!



LIKE TO TRY YOUR LUCK TONIGHT? WHAT'LL IT BE?...ROULETTE... SAY, THAT MONKEY CAN'T COME IN HERE!

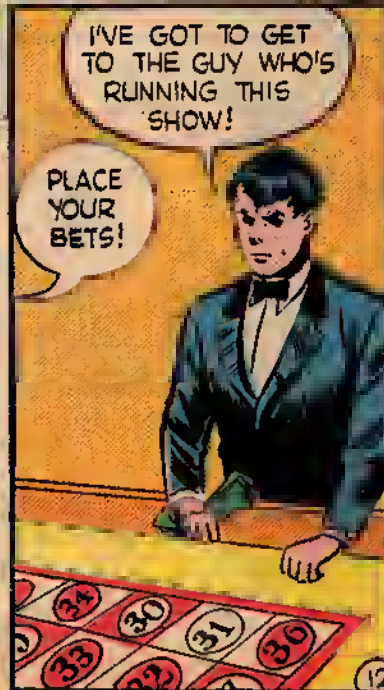
I HAVE TO HAVE HIM! HE BRINGS ME LUCK! LOOK, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE?



COULD BE! I WASN'T JUST BORN! I'VE BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME!



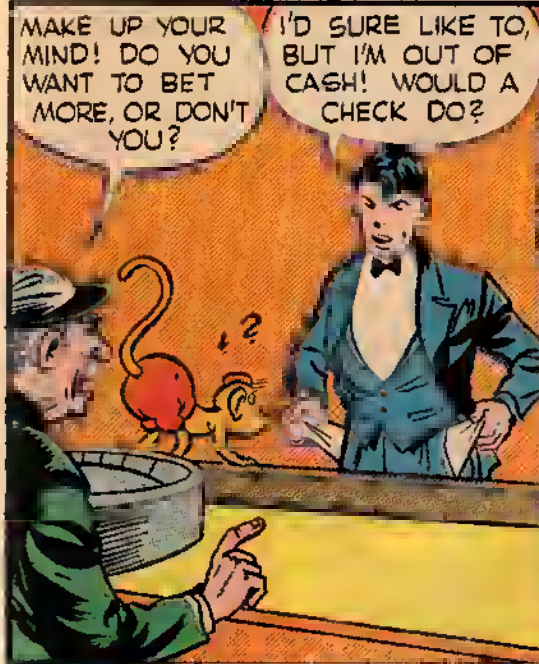
THAT'S HIM, SQUEEKS! THAT'S THE FAT GUY IN THE SKETCH! NOW IF THE OTHER ONE WILL ONLY SHOW UP!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE GUY WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW!

PLACE YOUR BETS!





MAKE UP YOUR MIND! DO YOU WANT TO BET MORE, OR DON'T YOU?

I'D SURE LIKE TO, BUT I'M OUT OF CASH! WOULD A CHECK DO?



HEY, CIRCLE, THIS GUY RAN OUT OF CASH! PLENTY OF IT! NOW HE WANTS TO CASH A CHECK!

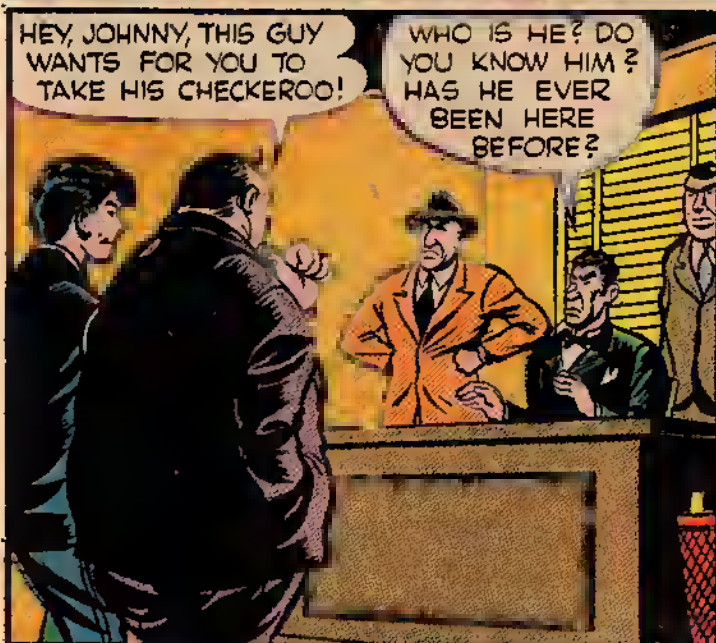
THINK THE GUY'S RICH, HUH?



WE NEED THE BOSS' O.K. BEFORE WE CAN TAKE YOUR CHECK!

SUITS ME!

COME IN!



HEY, JOHNNY, THIS GUY WANTS FOR YOU TO TAKE HIS CHECKEROO!

WHO IS HE? DO YOU KNOW HIM? HAS HE EVER BEEN HERE BEFORE?



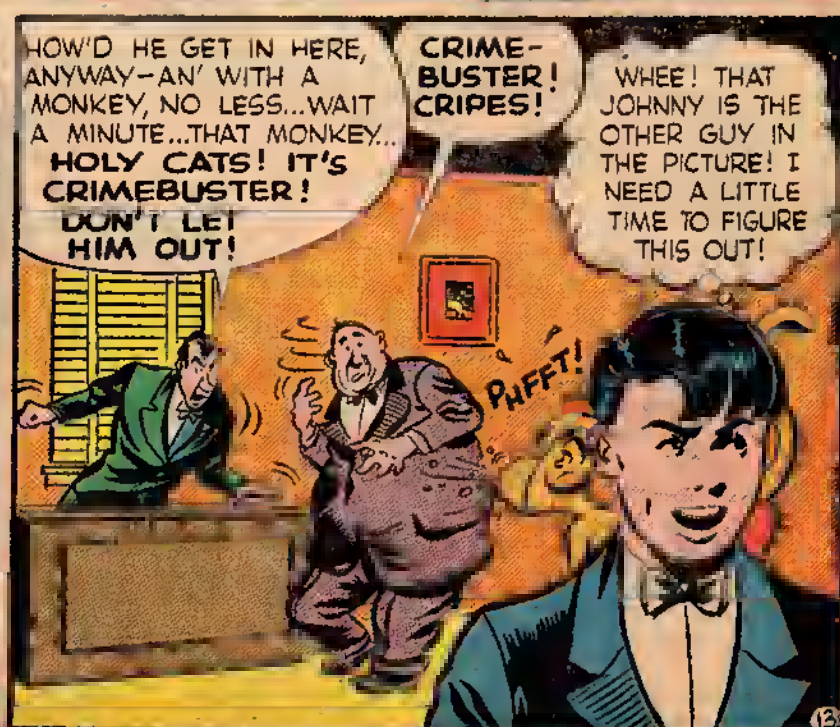
NO, BUT...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, CIRCLE? CAN'T YOU SEE THIS RUNT IS JUST A KID? WHADDA YA WANT TO DO, GET THE JOINT FOLDED?



G'WAN, YOU! BEAT IT! IF I CATCH YOU IN HERE AGAIN, I'LL HAVE THE TAR BEATEN OUT OF YOU! NOW, SCRAM!

I GET IT! AFRAID I MIGHT WIN SOME OF MY MONEY BACK!

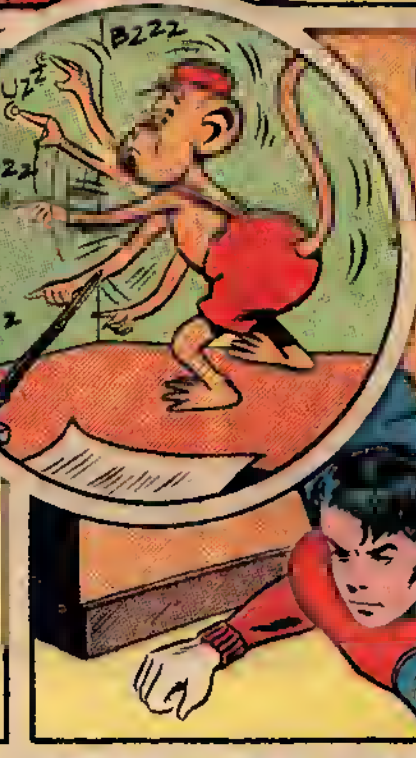


HOW'D HE GET IN HERE, ANYWAY--AN' WITH A MONKEY, NO LESS...WAIT A MINUTE...THAT MONKEY... HOLY CATS! IT'S CRIMEBUSTER! DON'T LET HIM OUT!

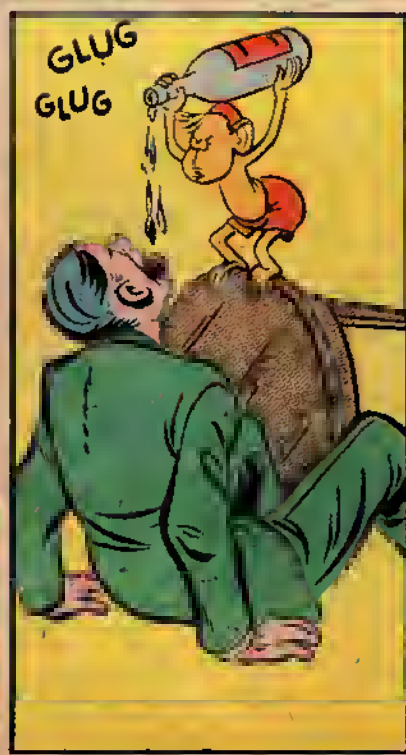
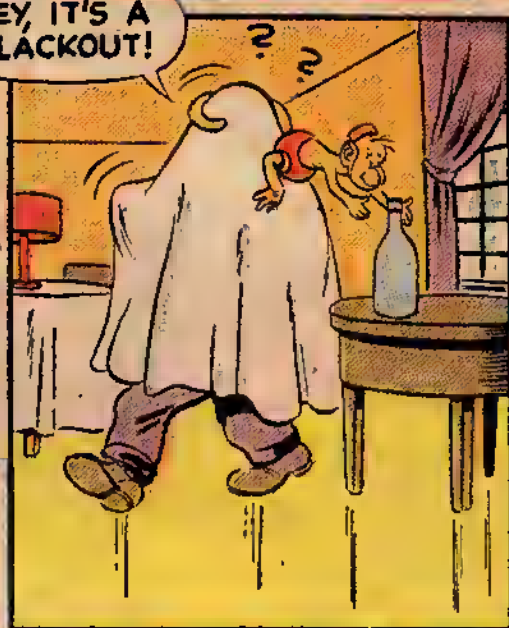
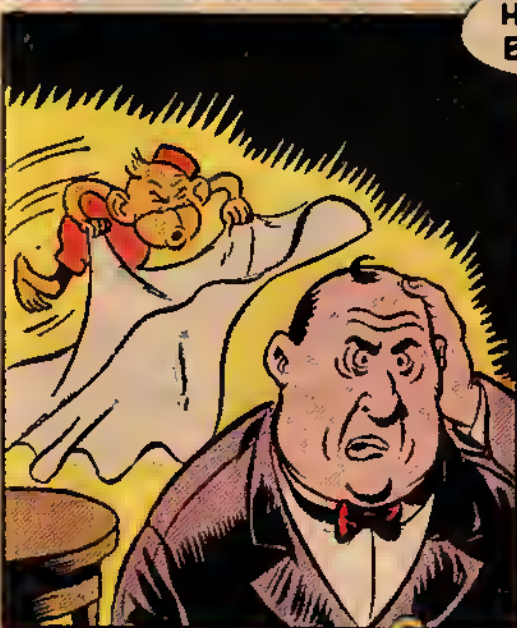
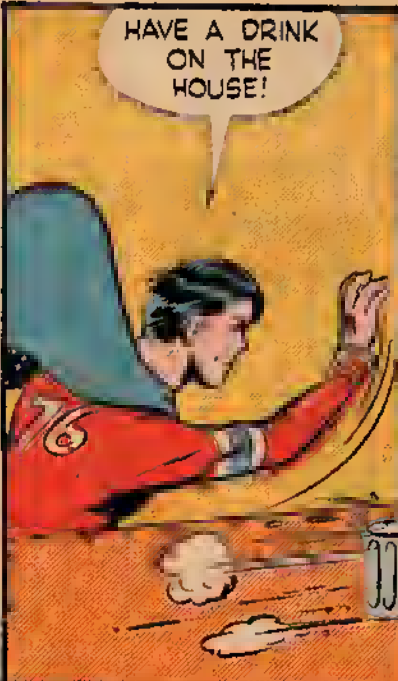
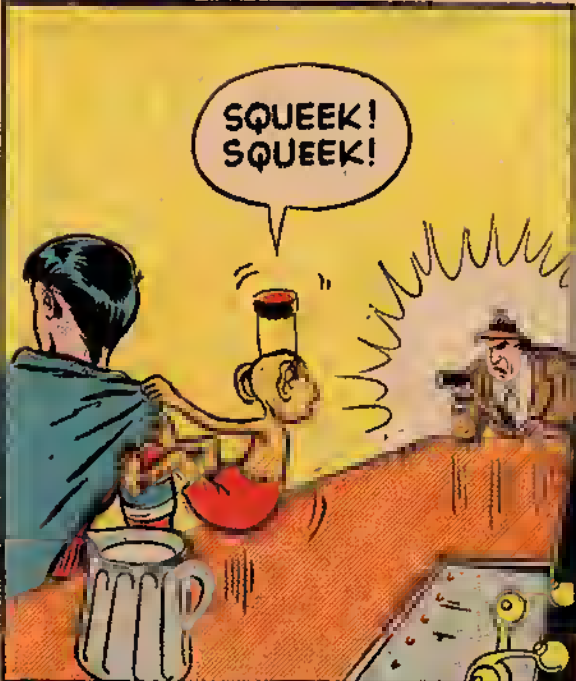
CRIME-BUSTER! CRIPES!

WHEE! THAT JOHNNY IS THE OTHER GUY IN THE PICTURE! I NEED A LITTLE TIME TO FIGURE THIS OUT!

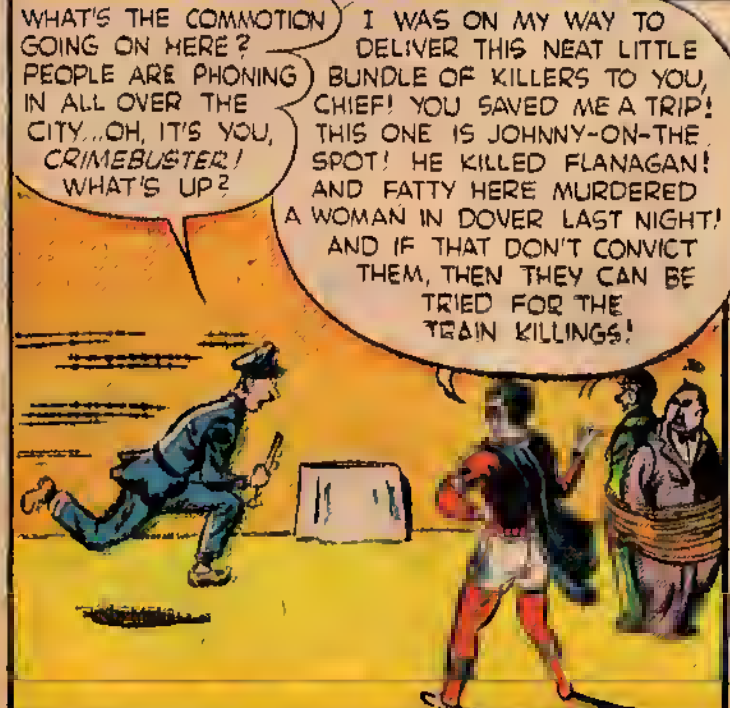












THE END



# Swoop Storm

YEOW..  
L-LOOKOUT  
S-SWOOP....

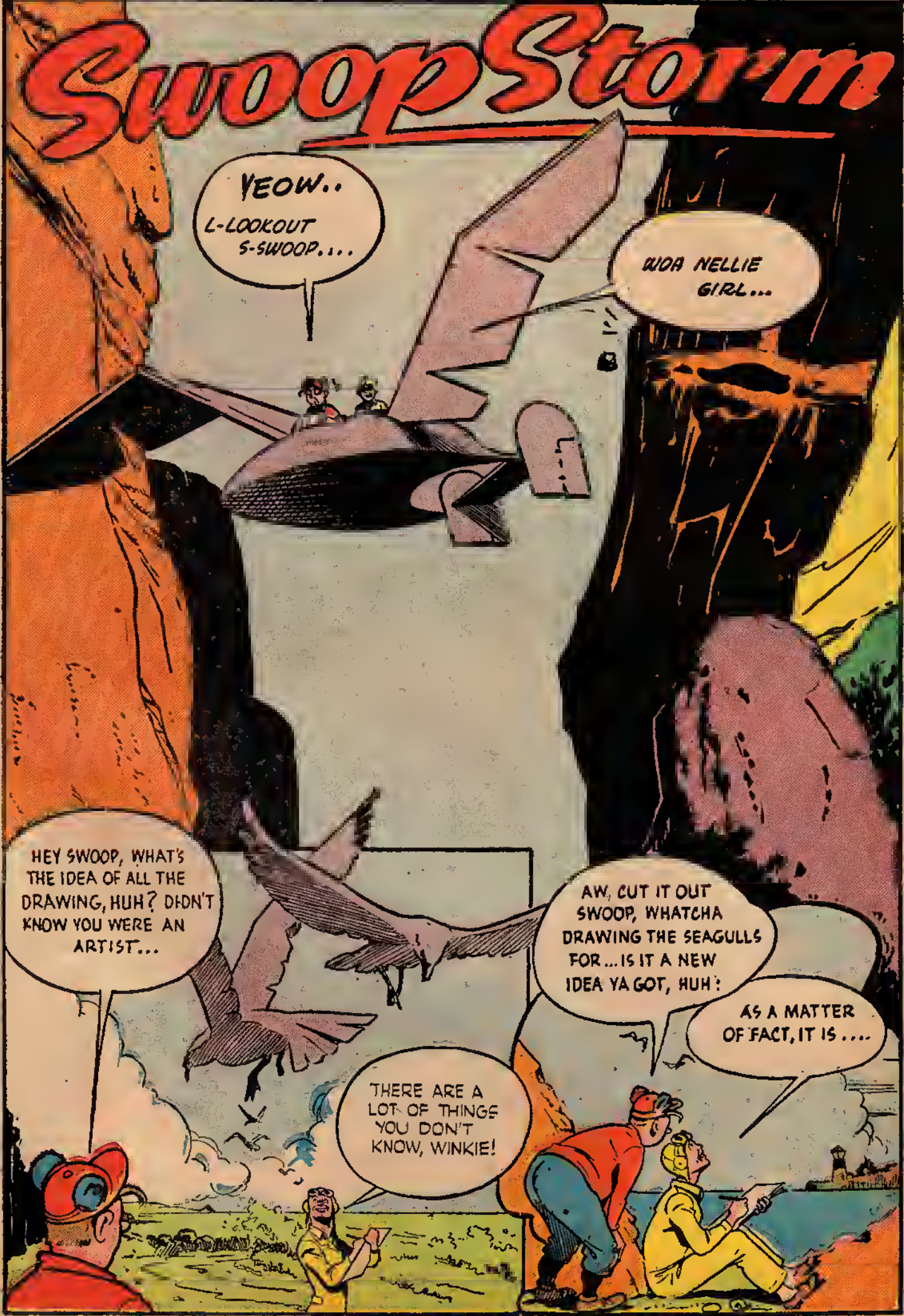
WDA NELLIE  
GIRL...

HEY SWOOP, WHAT'S  
THE IDEA OF ALL THE  
DRAWING, HUH? DIDN'T  
KNOW YOU WERE AN  
ARTIST...

AW, CUT IT OUT  
SWOOP, WHATCHA  
DRAWING THE SEAGULLS  
FOR... IS IT A NEW  
IDEA YA GOT, HUH?

AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, IT IS ....

THERE ARE A  
LOT OF THINGS  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW, WINKIE!





BIRDS ARE THE BASIS OF ALL FLIGHT, WINKIE... THEY'VE GOT A THOUSAND WRINKLES NO AIRPLANE HAS EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET... I'M GOING TO TRY TO USE A FEW IN MY NEW PLANE.

JINKERS... DO YA REALLY THINK YA CAN...

COULDBE... IF I CAN GET FLAPPING WINGS TO FUNCTION CORRECTLY IT WILL BE A GOOD START, ANYWAY...

JEEPS, THAT WOULD LET YA GO RIGHT UP AND DOWN LIKE A BIRD, HUH, SWOOP?

BUT HOW ARE YA GOING TO GET THEM TO START FLAPPING WITHOUT SOCKING THE GROUND...

THE TAKE-OFF IS MADE WITH JET PROPULSION... NOW BEAT IT WINKIE... I HAVE LOTS OF WORK TO DO

COME ON, SLEEPYHEAD. THE GULL PLANE IS READY. UP AND AT IT!

OK. FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT TIGHT. CAN'T TELL WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN THE FIRST FLIGHT...

ALL READY. YOU DONT THINK I'M SCARED, DO YA

HUH... GEE FINE TIME TA FINISH AN INVENTION.

THEN WE TURN ON THE WING-FLAPPERS

FIRST THE TAKE-OFF POWER

YIPPI... ITS WORKING... WE'RE FLYING LIKE A SEAGULL...



FLYING LIKE A STONE  
YOU MEAN ... HANG ON  
PAL... IT'S A CRACKUP!

GEE... GOSH... I-I-I...

**CRASH!**

**MEANWHILE:**  
FOUR HUNDRED  
MILES AWAY  
ANOTHER PLANE  
HEADS OUT OF  
CONTROL  
TOWARD MOTHER  
EARTH...

EVERYONE  
FASTEN HIS SAFETY  
BELT... WE'RE OUT OF  
CONTROL...

BUT WE'RE  
RIGHT OVER THE  
MOUNTAIN RANGE...  
THERE'S NO PLACE  
TO LAND!

WE'LL ALL  
BE KILLED...

TRANSPORT FOUR...  
IT'S JUST CRACKED UP  
ON THE MOUNTAIN  
RANGE...

GOOD HEAVENS!

**SEVERAL HOURS LATER**

IT'S NO USE, GENTLEMEN...  
I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD FROM  
AUTHORITIES NEAREST THE CRACKUP...  
IT WOULD BE DAYS BEFORE A  
RESCUE PARTY COULD GET THERE...

GENTLEMEN... WE'VE HAD  
EXPERIENCE WITH ACCIDENTS LIKE  
THIS BEFORE BUT THIS TIME THERE  
ARE FOUR IMPORTANT ARMY MEN ON  
THAT TRANSPORT... THE PLANS THEY  
CARRY ARE URGENT TO OUR  
GOVERNMENT...

I'VE PUT IN A CALL FOR  
SWOOP STORM... PERHAPS BY  
SOME MIRACLE HE WILL KNOW  
OF A WAY OUT OF THIS...  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE...



MEANWHILE

WHEW...  
WE WERE SURE LUCKY  
TO LAND IN THAT  
TREETOP..

YES... YES... WHY  
I DON'T KNOW.. SIR..  
I'LL CONTACT YOU IN TWO  
HOURS... THERE'S A CHANCE  
I MAY BE ABLE TO  
DO SOMETHING...

NEVER MIND THE  
QUESTIONS... THERE'S  
BEEN A CRACKUP...  
I'VE GOT TO CORRECT  
THE BUG IN MY GULL  
PLANE, AND FAST...  
C'MON...

HUH... BUT  
GOSH, WE NEARLY GOT  
KILLED AS IT WAS..

THE HOURS  
FLIT BY..  
then finally

REMEMBER, I DON'T  
KNOW THAT I'VE FIXED THE  
MISTAKE FOR SURE... YOU  
DON'T HAVE TO COME,  
WINKIE...

GULP... AW  
THAT'S ALRIGHT.  
I-I'LL TAKE A  
CHANCE..

SHE'S WORKING..  
YOU FIXED HER UP,  
SWOOP...

FOR THE TIME  
BEING, ANYWAY...  
BETTER TUNE IN AIRLINE  
HEADQUARTERS AND  
GIVE THEM THE GOOD  
WORD..

SWOOP STORM CALLING..  
..HAVE SPECIAL PLANE IN OPER-  
ATION FOR RESCUE... PLEASE  
RADIO EXACT LOCATION OF  
CRASHED PLANE...

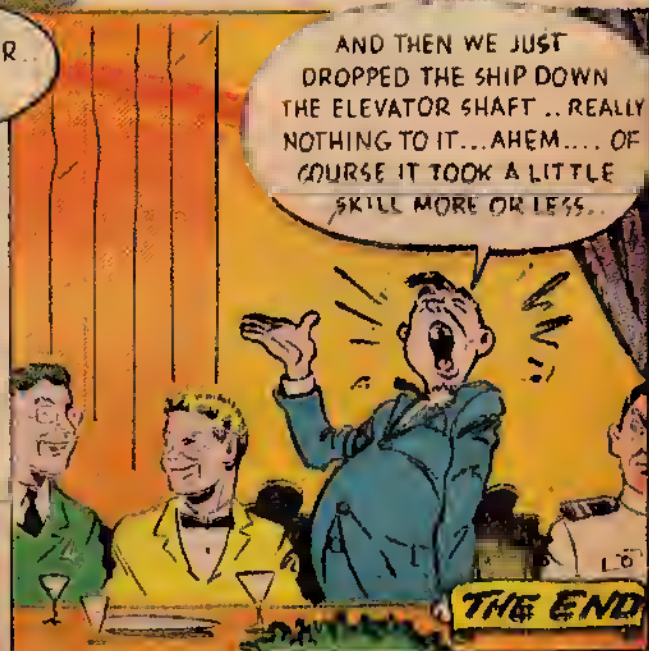
...GOOD FELLOW..  
KEEP ON YOUR COURSE..  
WE'LL SEND YOU A GUIDE  
PLANE... THE REST IS  
UP TO YOU...

WOW... WHAT A  
SHIP... HE'LL BE ABLE TO  
GO RIGHT DOWN INTO THE  
CANYON WHERE THE SHIP CRACKED  
WITH THAT... IT'LL BE MIGHTY  
TRICKY THOUGH

HE'S DIPPING HIS  
WINGS... THIS IS THE  
SPOT, ALRIGHT..

YEAH, BUT JINKERS..  
THERE'S NOTHING  
BUT A BIG GULLY  
BELOW...



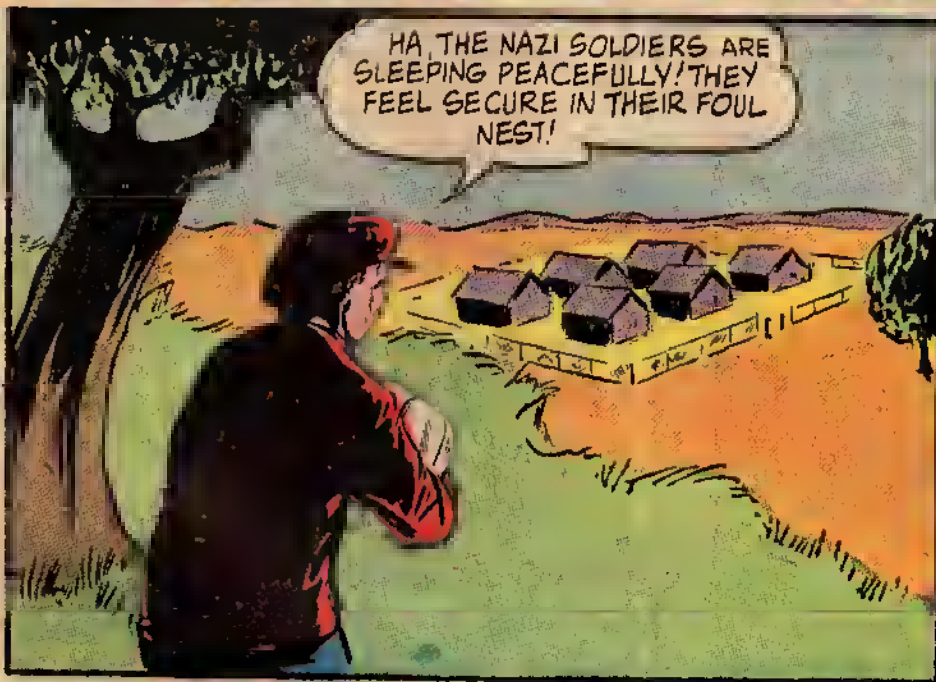






IF EVERYTHING GOES  
WELL I WILL SEE YOU  
TOMORROW...IF NOT WE  
WILL MEET SOMEDAY,  
SOME-  
WHERE!

YOU ARE BRAVE,  
JAN!...MAY GOD'S  
LUCK BE WITH YOU!



HA, THE NAZI SOLDIERS ARE  
SLEEPING PEACEFULLY! THEY  
FEEL SECURE IN THEIR FOUL  
NEST!



MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO  
LURE THEM OUT FIRST!



FIVE MINUTES! THEN THE  
INCENDIARY WILL START...  
-I'VE GOT TO BE WELL  
HIDDEN AND READY TO  
STRIKE WHEN IT DOES!



CARL, CARL! LOOK UP DERE  
ON THE HILL! SOMETHING  
IS BURNING!

YAH!  
YAH!



YOU FOOLS! VOT ISS  
DERE MATTER WITH YOU!  
-TAKE SOME MEN! GET  
UP DERE AND FIND OUT  
VOT ISS HAPPENING!!



SO FAR...SO GOOD!  
-NOW THEN WITH A  
BIT OF LUCK!...



WHAT FOOL COULD  
HAVE STARTED THAT  
FIRE?...WHO ARE  
YOU?



A PATRIOT!!



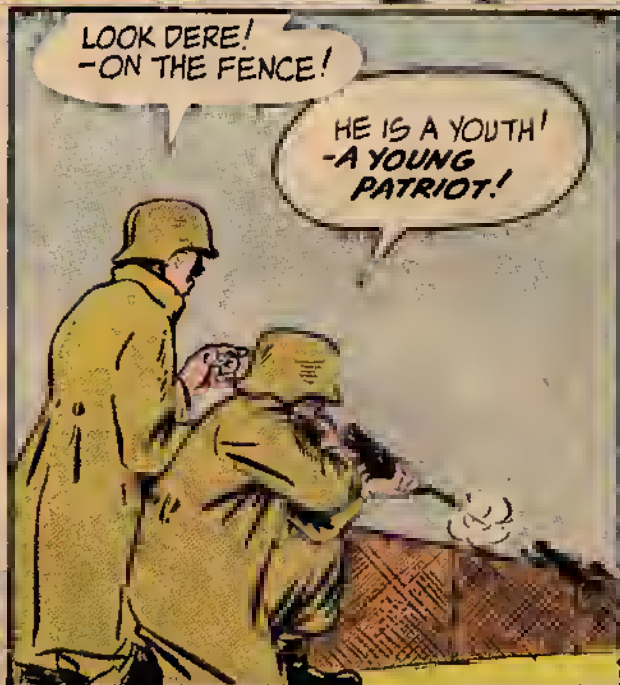
ONE MINUTE...  
-I'VE GOT ONE!

GREAT LORD!  
-THEY'VE CLOSED  
THE FENCE  
GATE!



LOOK DERE!  
-ON THE FENCE!

HE IS A YOUTH!  
-A YOUNG  
PATRIOT!







GOT IT!  
-THE FILTHY  
BUTCHERS!

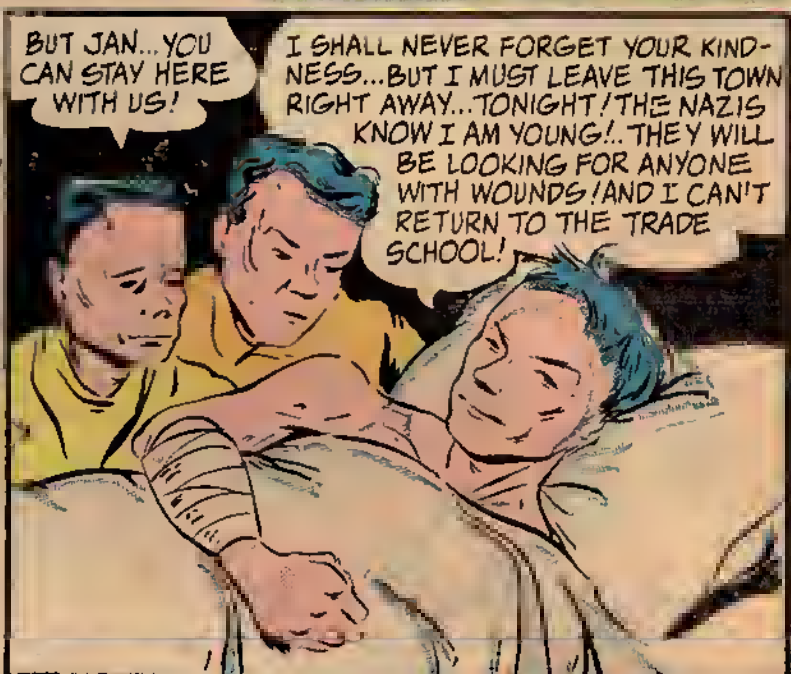


I'VE GOT TO MAKE TOWN!...  
-SOME PLACE TO HIDE AND  
TAKE CARE OF MY WOUNDS!



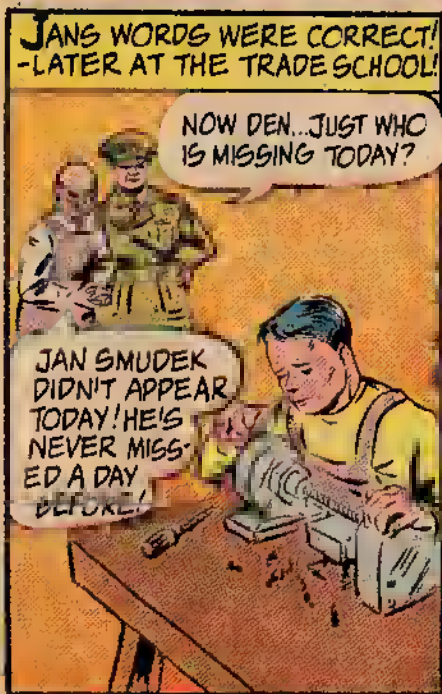
WHY, IT'S JAN!!  
-HE'S BEEN  
HURT!

SAFELY  
HIDDEN  
FROM  
THE  
SEARCHING  
EYES OF  
THE  
NAZIS  
BRAVE  
JAN HAD  
A FIRM  
DECISION  
TO  
MAKE!



BUT JAN...YOU  
CAN STAY HERE  
WITH US!

I SHALL NEVER FORGET YOUR KIND-  
NESS...BUT I MUST LEAVE THIS TOWN  
RIGHT AWAY...TONIGHT! THE NAZIS  
KNOW I AM YOUNG!..THEY WILL  
BE LOOKING FOR ANYONE  
WITH WOUNDS! AND I CAN'T  
RETURN TO THE TRADE  
SCHOOL!



JANS WORDS WERE CORRECT!  
-LATER AT THE TRADE SCHOOL!

NOW DEN...JUST WHO  
IS MISSING TODAY?

JAN SMUDEK  
DIDN'T APPEAR  
TODAY! HE'S  
NEVER MISS-  
ED A DAY  
BEFORE!



SO DIS IS WHERE DER BOY  
WORKED?...AND YOU DERE,  
-YOU WOULD BE A FRIEND  
OF HIS...YAH?

I DID  
KNOW  
HIM!



OF COURSE YOU KNEW  
HIM...AND YOU KNOW VOT  
HE DID AND VERE HE  
IS...YOU ARE COMING  
TO HEADQUARTERS!



**The NAZIS SPARED NO METHODS TO MAKE JAN'S FRIENDS TALK!**

SPEAK UP, YOU YOUNG DOG! SPEAK UP OR YOU'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!

NO, NO, -I KNOW NOTHING!

IT IS USELESS! THE FOOLS HAVE THE COURAGE OF DUMB ANIMALS!

YAH, DERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO DO!

WE WILL SHOOT SOME OF THIS JAN SMUDEK'S CLOSEST FRIENDS... -MAYBE THEN THE OTHERS WILL KEEP US INFORMED OF HIS WHEREABOUTS!

**Thus DID THE NAZIS ADMINISTER THEIR SAD PUNISHMENT ON THE FRIENDS OF JAN SMUDEK!**

GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!

HAVE COURAGE, THIS SHALL NOT ALL BE IN VAIN!

BUT WHILE DEATH STRUCK AT HOME JAN MOVED INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP STRETCHING A PATH OF VENGEANCE BEHIND HIM!

IT WAS SOME YOUTH, SIR! HE DISAPPEARED BEFORE WE COULD STOP HIM!

YOUTH! OF COURSE,

YOU FOOL! IT, VAS SMUDEK! -HE MUST BE FOUND!

AGH!

**WHAT THE NAZIS COULDN'T STOP BY FORCE THEY TRIED TO PREVENT BY SKILL!**

DIS IS DER FINISH! YESTERDAY TWO OF OUR BEST GESTAPO MEN MURDERED BY THIS YOUNG SWINE... WE HAVE PERMISSION TO POST A REWARD OF 50,000 CROWNS!

YAH, DAT WILL GET HIM! MONEY CAN GET ANYTHING!



BUT THE NAZIS WERE SOON TO LEARN THAT ONLY THEY THEMSELVES WOULD BETRAY FOR MONEY!

HA, THE FOOLS! I SAW JAN LAST NIGHT BUT THEY SHALL NEVER KNOW!

THEY MUST THINK ALL PEOPLE ARE SWINE LIKE THEMSELVES!

50,000 CROWNS

JAN SMUDEK  
WAS HIS GUY

THEM CAME THE DAY WHEN DARK TRAGEDY HOVERED OVER JAN'S DARING CAREER OF VIOLENCE

I HAVE NEWS OF SMUDEK... HE IS TO GO TO A FRIEND'S HOUSE TONIGHT... - VUN OF OUR UNDERCOVER MEN FOUND OUT!

VUNDERBAR! - TAKE A SQUAD! - DO NOT LET HIM ESCAPE... DIS WILL BE A GREAT DAY!

THAT NIGHT, THE NAZIS CLOSED IN AND WAITED... JAN WAS DUE FROM HIS COUNTRY HIDEOUT AT ANY MOMENT!

HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE! DER FRIENDS ARE TIED UP INSIDE! DEY COULD NEVER WARN HIM!

I VUNDER, VILL VE GET SOME OF DER REWARD MONEY!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT!

NAZIS! THEY'RE WAITING FOR SOME-ONE... WHY, A FRIEND OF JAN'S LIVES THERE...

THAT'S WHO THEY'RE WAITING FOR... THEY LAID A TRAP! OH, IF I ONLY FIND JAN FIRST... HE'LL COME OUT OF THE WOODS OVER THERE!

JAN, JAN... - A TRAP!... RUN -- NAZIS!

NAZIS... THANK YOU, FRIEND... THANK YOU DEARLY!

And so once again JAN MOVES INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE WOODS, BUT DEEP IN HIS HEART HE KNOWS ONE DAY, ALL SHALL BE LIGHT AGAIN! NAZI MADNESS SHALL BE BEATEN DOWN NEVER TO RISE AGAIN!



# DAREDEVIL'S GREATEST BATTLE

by DICK WOOD

**I**NSPECTOR CRANE looked over at the smiling *Daredevil* and frowned.

"You may laugh *Daredevil*," he said, "but this Monk Saunders is different from other thugs. When he says he's out to get a man he means it."

"In other words," *Daredevil* replied, "you think that out of all the thugs in New York who are after my skin this Monk person is the one that will do it."

Inspector Crane bent over close to the red and blue uniformed man beside him.

"I don't mean that he will *Daredevil* but I want you to be well aware of what you're up against. I've seen him in action before he was sent up the river. One time he beat up four of my biggest and best men without even working up a sweat. He's strong as two bulls—but that isn't all. He's crafty. He uses his head to get what he wants and his strength to finish it off."

Some minutes later *Daredevil* strode out of the fifty-first street station and headed slowly toward his apartment. He hadn't let on to the Inspector just how dangerous he knew Monk to be. A month previous Monk's brother had been killed when *Daredevil* broke up a hont-legging ring and the word had quickly passed through the underworld that Monk was "out to get him." Of course there had been many other thugs who made the same fierce statement but Monk was different. This was the day of his release from the five years prison term and unless *Daredevil* missed his guess the Monk would lose no time in attempting to avenge his brother.

Meanwhile fifty miles away a man stepped through the large prison gates. His cold, pock-

marked face grimaced at the guards as they let him through.

"So long Monk," one of them said. "Your vacation must of done you good. You look healthier than when you entered this dear prison."

"Sure I am. I've been keeping in condition. Particularly this last month!"

Suddenly the Monk reached over and placed two great knarled hands on the iron gate bars. His wide, thickset shoulders tensed and slowly the iron bars bent in toward each other. "See," he said, pointing as the awe-struck guards gasped. "And I got plenty more where that came from—but I'm sort of saving it for a special reason like."

An hour later in his city apartment, Monk made five quick telephone calls. His conversation was short and snappy. Before noon five of the toughest thugs in the city would be at his apartment and ready to do his bidding. Stripping off his shirt, the Monk stood before the large full length mirror and flexed his muscles. Unlike most muscular men, Monk was not only big but fast. His gigantic muscles rippled and glistened under the light like jungle brasts. He was practicing now. There would be no half way measure about the vengeance he planned. He was no fool like the others who underestimated *Daredevil's* ability. No indeed—he knew the uncanny skill America's ace crime cracker had acquired and tuned to meet it point for point. He was taller than *Daredevil*—broader than *Daredevil* and much heavier than *Daredevil*. There was only one point that worried him at all—speed. He had once before seen the flashing red and blue figure in action and he did not forget the



rapid machine gun like blows that had been thrown. That was why his last month in prison had been spent in practicing ducking, dodging and sidestepping in his cell. Monk Saunders was taking no chances.

It was a quarter past eight when *Daredevil* left Inspector Crane at the station house and stepped into his car. He had had a hard day investigating criminal reports and he was tired. He was two blocks away when he first saw the gunmen. They were right in front of him glaring back through a black touring car's windshield. He started to slow down and at the same moment something severely shook the car from behind him. Swinging about his hands tightened on the wheel. He was trapped. Mobsters before and behind had sandwiched him in neatly. They were coming toward him now hands slunk deeply in their coat pockets. Monk reached him first, big and threatening.

"You're too smart to start a gun fight here, *Daredevil*. People might get hurt." The Monk leered menacingly. "And besides you would be shot dead if you made a move."

*Daredevil* noticed a third car pulling up alongside cornering him in even more so. "Isn't that what you want, Monk," he said. "Why don't you get it over with."

"No," the Monk smiled. "That isn't what I want. You're going to die the hard way, *Daredevil*."

Later when the blindfold was removed from *Daredevil's* eyes the Monk was facing him attired only in boxing shorts. They were on a large grassy slope and up above the sky was cloudy.

"We're all alone," the Monk said, "only one of us will leave here alive."

*Daredevil* started to reply and stopped. From the appearance of Monk's massive body he would need all his breath. His hands came up in fighting stance and he moved toward the kill crazy, monster. Like a streak of light one hand flicked out and jabbed his opponent's nose—and then Monk moved. With a wild inhuman roar he charged at *Daredevil's*

weaving body. Hard club like blows belted the smaller man viciously. Desperately *Daredevil* tried to maneuver away from the sledge hammer punches but the Monk was on top of him all the time. Something snapped in his side and at the same moment he saw his opening and slammed home a right hook to Monk's jaw. A red smear appeared on the monster's lips but he hardly seemed to feel the punch. Now they were slugging their way across the field toward a large tree. The Monk was panting heavily but his punches still carried the weight and power of a pile driver. One—two—three—times *Daredevil* blasted the big jaw with his left and the Monk tottered. With all his strength *Daredevil* started the finishing blow—a right hook sizzeling toward the open face before him, and over the huge shoulder the blow went as Monk ducked low. Then before his balance could be regained an iron fist crashed into *Daredevil's* stomach and slammed him hard against the tree trunk behind him. The impact slightly stunned *Daredevil* and Monk was now ready for the kill, so he thought. With enraged fury he literally flew at *Daredevil*. As he did, *Daredevil* ducked a furious right and caught the oncoming madman with a solid left in the pit of the stomach. Now it was Monk who was somewhat dazed and *Daredevil*, although still cautious, lost no time in following up the blow. As the monster groaned and bent slightly forward from pain a hard left caught him flush on the jaw, then a right, two more lefts, then a series of lefts and rights to the midsection. How much more could he stand? *Daredevil* caught him with one more powerful left to the chin and Monk was now staggering helplessly.

It was some hours later when *Daredevil* faced Inspector Crane at the fifty-first street station.

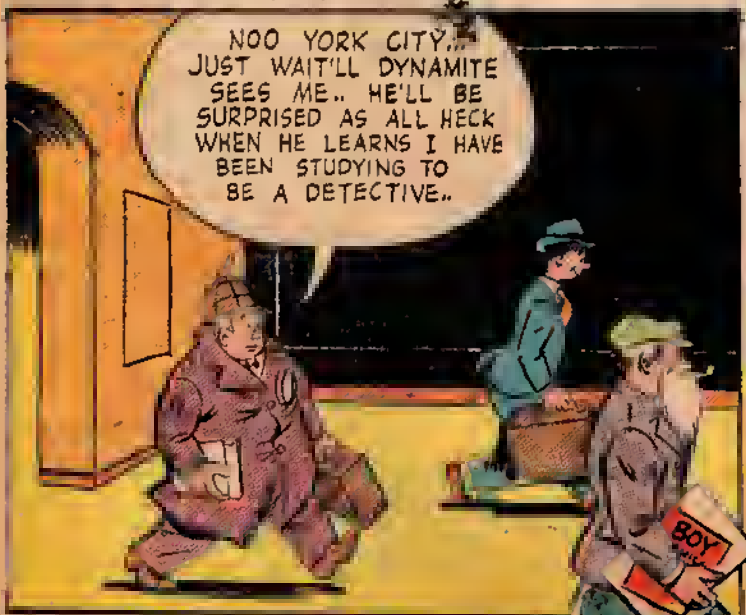
"You were right Inspector," he said. "Monk was the toughest mobster I have ever battled." *Daredevil* looked up at the ceiling thoughtfully. "But the Monk didn't have a chance," he continued.



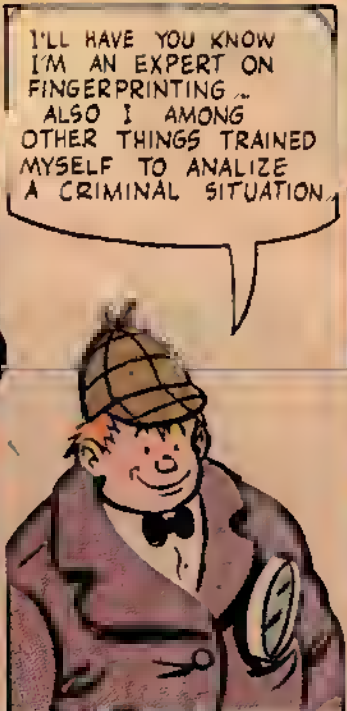
# LITTLE DYNAMITE



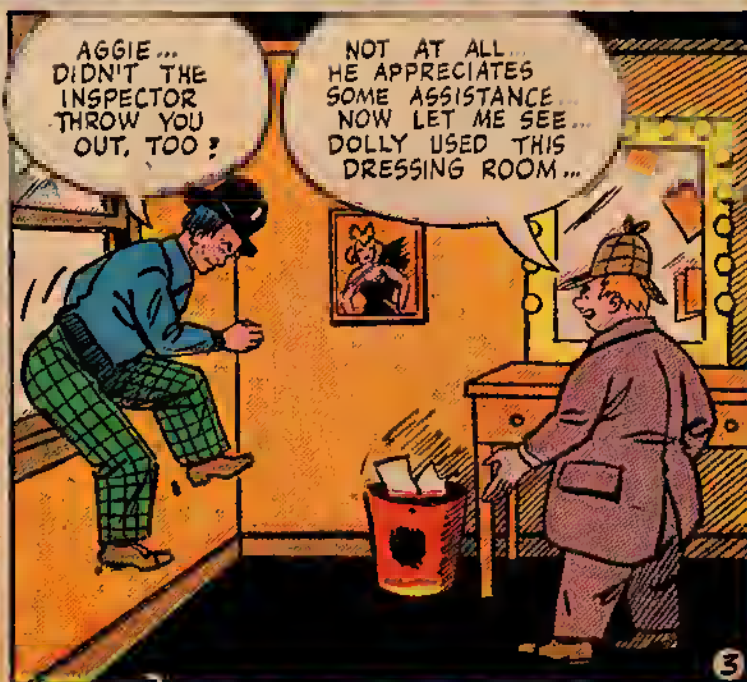
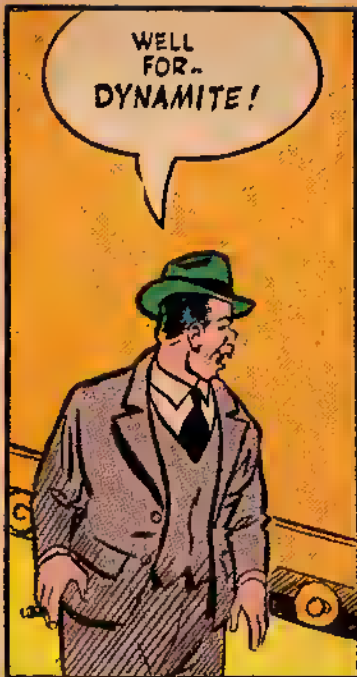
EVERYBODY IN THE CITY HAS A COUNTRY RELATIVE... and DYNAMITE IS NO EXCEPTION.



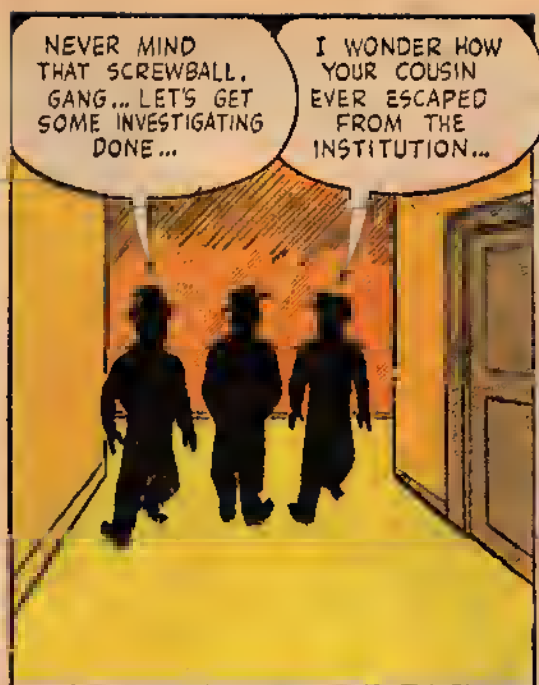












NEVER MIND THAT SCREWBALL, GANG... LET'S GET SOME INVESTIGATING DONE...

I WONDER HOW YOUR COUSIN EVER ESCAPED FROM THE INSTITUTION...



SH-H-H-H

OH DEAR... SOB... SOB... SOB OH DEAR...



OH, IT'S YOU... YOU'VE COME BACK... PLEASE DON'T KILL ME... I'LL PAY YOU THE MONEY TONIGHT WHERE WE MEET AT 8 O'CLOCK!

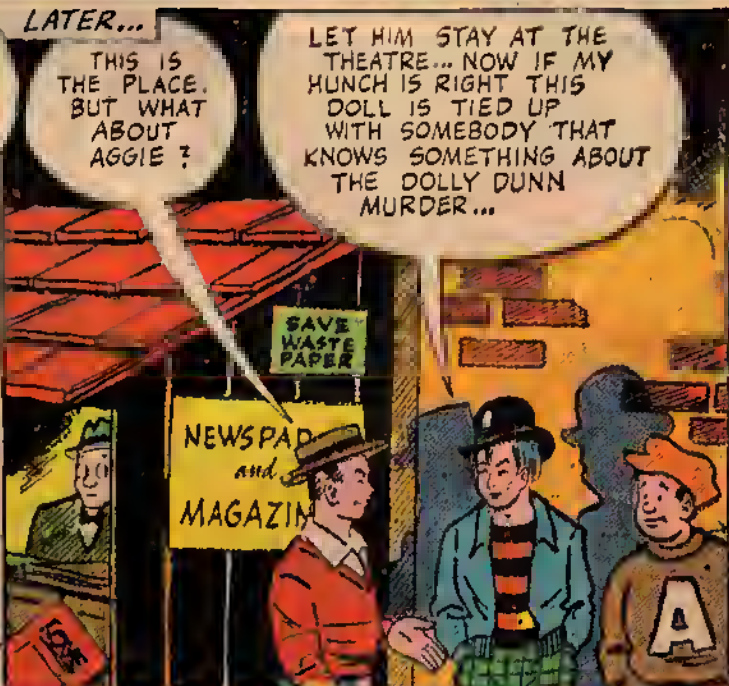
HUH!



HEY, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A CLUE OR SOMETHING... WONDER, YOU BETTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA... I'LL BE WAITING... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHERE WE MEET?



NO, NO, I REMEMBER 42 ND AND BROADWAY PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE NOW!... YOU'RE ALWAYS SNEAKING IN HERE...



LATER...

THIS IS THE PLACE, BUT WHAT ABOUT AGGIE?

LET HIM STAY AT THE THEATRE... NOW IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT THIS DOLL IS TIED UP WITH SOMEBODY THAT KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THE DOLLY DUNN MURDER...



THE BRUTE! THERE HE IS... IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD DO...



HERE YOU ARE... ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS... NOW LEAVE ME ALONE...

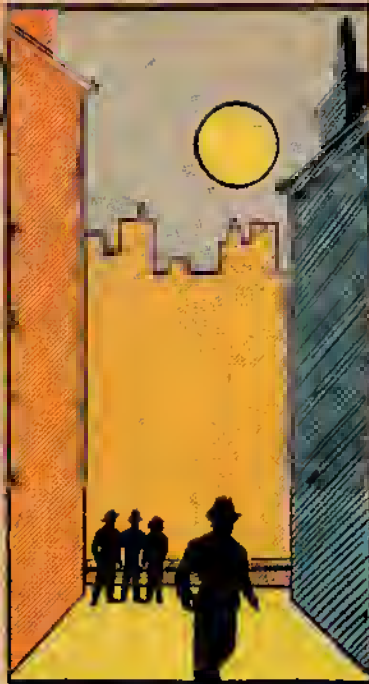
SURE, DUSTY BAILY ALWAYS GIVES A GIRL A BREAK... I'LL LEAVE YA ALONE... UNTIL NEXT MONTH AT THE SAME TIME...



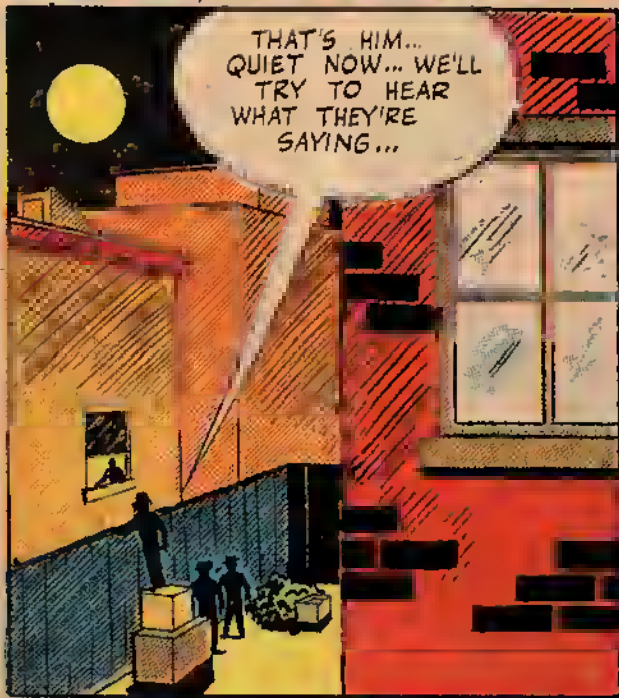


THERE SHE GOES... LET'S FOLLOW HER...

NOT HER YA DOPE IT'S THE GUY WE ARE AFTER..



HE BEAT IT IN A LITTLE DOORWAY DOWN THERE... C'MON!



THAT'S HIM... QUIET NOW... WE'LL TRY TO HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...



THERE'S THE HUNDRED BUCKS I TOLD YA THAT DAME COULD FIND THE MONEY IF WE SCARED HER ENOUGH...

YEAH... YEAH... THAT'S GREAT DUSTY... BUT THERE WAS NO NEED OF KNOCKING THAT DOLLY DUNN OFF... WHY MURDER FOR A NEW CUSTOMER?



LISTEN YOU MUGS... I BEEN RUNNING THIS SHOW PRETTY GOOD FOR SOME TIME... IT WAS ME THAT TOLD YA SILLY DAMES WOULD PAY US MONTHLY TO PROTECT 'EM... THEY'RE JUST FRIGHTENED KIDS... NOW WITH DOLLY DUNN BUMPED OFF THEY'LL BE MORE SCARED THAN EVER...

YEAH... MAYBE YER RIGHT, BOSS!



BOYS... I HEARD ENOUGH...

ME TOO!

LIKEWISE...

LET'S GET 'EM!



SAVE DAT  
DUSTY MUG FOR  
ME, GANG!

DON'T  
BET DOUGH  
ON  
THAT!

STOP THEM!  
SHOOT THESE  
LITTLE DEVILS FER  
GOSH SAKES... WHO  
LET 'EM IN?

BOY YOU GOTTA  
FACE LIKE A  
GORILLA NOW... BUT  
WAIT'LL I GET THRU  
WITH IT!

WHY YA BIG  
JERK!... WE'RE  
GONNA HAVE A  
BIG PARTY THE  
NIGHT YA FRY  
IN SING SING!

SOCK!



MEANWHILE...

MY WORD WHO IS THAT CHAP?... HE'S BEEN FIGURING LIKE THAT FOR AN HOUR...

SAYS HE HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH A DETECTIVE SERVICE...



HA! I HAVE IT AT LAST... I HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM AND FOUND THE MURDERER...

SEEMS A BIT TETCHED DON'T YOU KNOW...

MAYBE HE'S PART OF A NEW PLAY...



WELL, THAT'S THAT... WE GOT THOSE BUMS DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS ALRIGHT, NOW LETS PICK UP AGGIE!

WOW... DID YOU SEE INSPECTOR CASEY'S FACE WHEN WE WALKED IN!

REMEMBER THEY WANT TO SEE US AT TEN TONIGHT!



HELP! HELP! TAKE HIM OFF!! HE'S GONE MAD! YI-YI!

LEAPING CATS!

MUST BE ANOTHER MURDERER LOOSE!



IT'S AGGIE!

GOOD HEAVENS! SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING... THIS FIEND HAS JUMPED ON ME WITH THESE HANDCUFFS

HA! DENYING YOUR GUILT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD... YOU MURDERED THAT GIRL... MY INVESTIGATION PROVES IT!

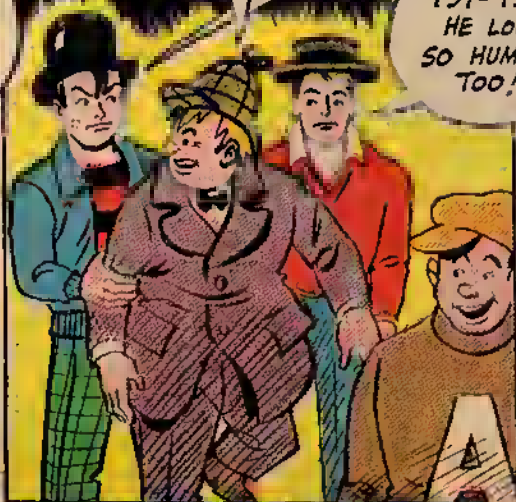


STOP! STOP! YOU'RE OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE... LET ME GO... I'LL HAVE THE FEDERAL BUREAU ON YOU... YOU'RE TURNING A KILLER LOOSE IN THERE...

AS I WAS SAYING GANG... EVERYBODY'S GOT RELATIVES FROM OUT OF TOWN... I HOPE YOU GUYS HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH YOURS THAN I DID

COME AND SEE ME AGAIN AGGIE, THE AWFUL... ANY TIME... THAT I'M NOT HOME!

TST-TST... HE LOOKS SO HUMAN, TOO!

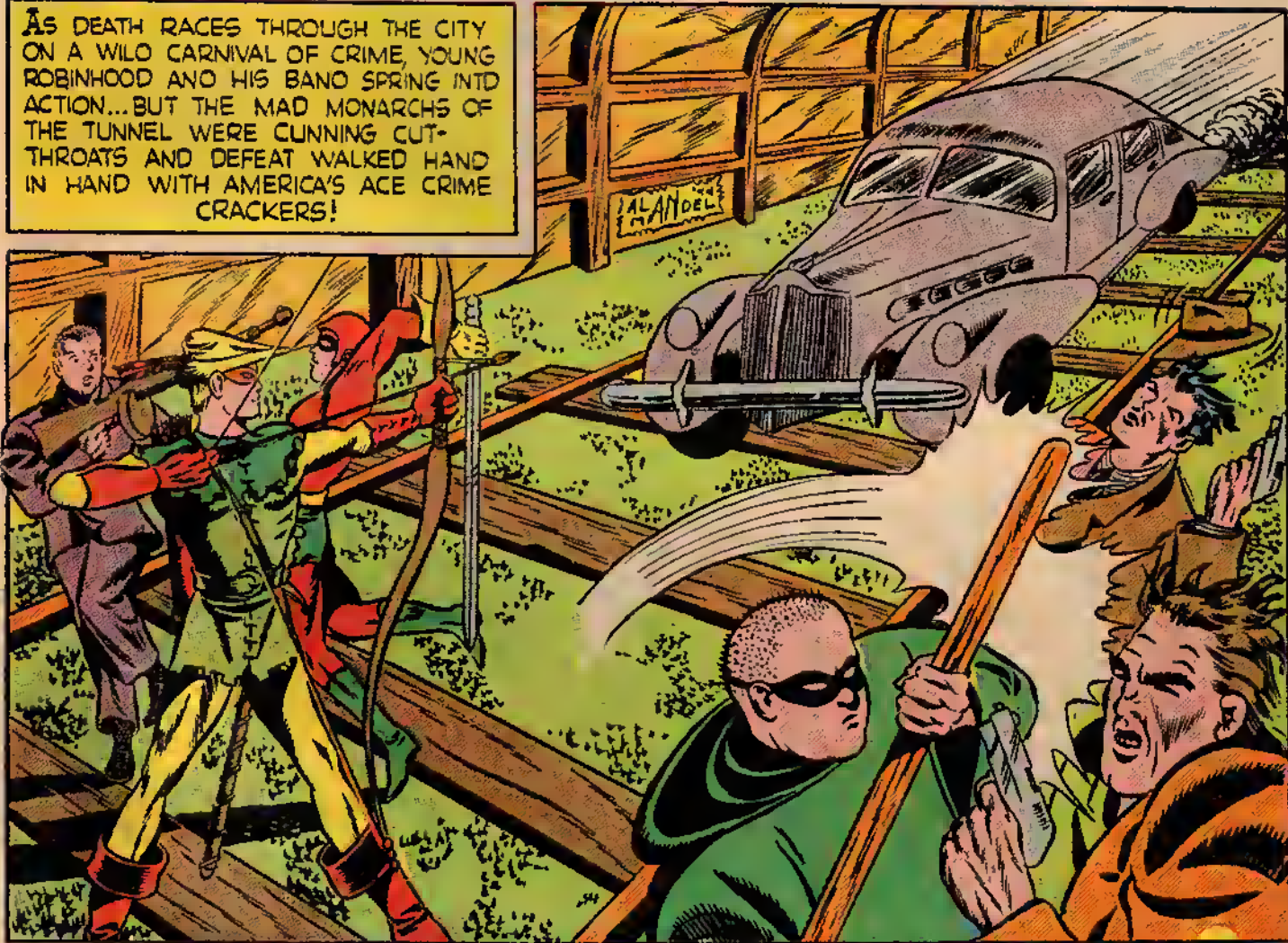




# Young Robin Hood

## and his BAND

AS DEATH RACES THROUGH THE CITY ON A WILD CARNIVAL OF CRIME, YOUNG ROBINHOOD AND HIS BAND SPRING INTO ACTION...BUT THE MAD MONARCHS OF THE TUNNEL WERE CUNNING CUT-THROATS AND DEFEAT WALKED HAND IN HAND WITH AMERICA'S ACE CRIME CRACKERS!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

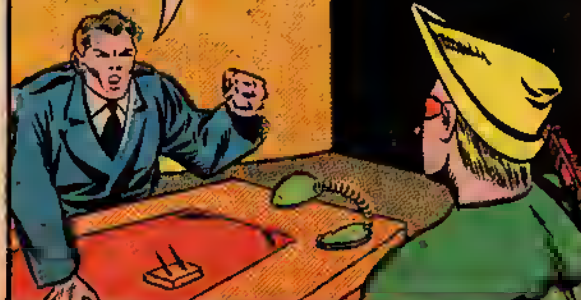
THEY'RE MONSTERS, I TELL YOU! AT NIGHT THEY COME OUT OF NOWHERE AND SLASH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CITY! THEY'VE LOOTED OVER A DOZEN JEWELRY STORES!

AND YOU SAY THEY MAKE THEIR GETAWAY IN A BLACK CAR EACH TIME!

EXACTLY-BUT IT'S NO ORDINARY CAR...MY MEN HAVE TRAILED IT SEVERAL TIMES WITHOUT LUCK... BULLETS DON'T HURT IT AND THE DEVILS SEEM TO LIKE THE CHASE! THEN, AFTER A WHILE THEY SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR ON US!

THERE'S POP SMITH! HE LEADS THE MOB, AND DON'T LET HIS MEAK FACE FOOL YOU! HE'S THE DEADLIEST OF THEM ALL--THE OTHER THREE ARE ALL KILLERS!

THAT MAKES THE SIOES EVEN! THREE OF US TO FOUR OF THEM!





THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, ROBINHOOD, BUT DON'T LET THOSE FIENDS FOOL YOU! THEY'RE A SMOOTH CROWD.

WE'VE GOT A FEW TRICKS OURSELVES, CHIEF! SO LONG!

CHIEF OF POLICE

WELL, LADS, I HOPE YOU'VE ALL HAD PLENTY OF COFFEE. WE'RE GOING TO TOUR THE CITY ALL NIGHT!.. SEEMS THERE'S A BAND OF SPEED DEMONS SHOWING OUR POLICE FORCES UP A BIT!

OH, SO THAT'S WHY YOU HAD US FIX THIS SPEED WAGON UP!

IT'LL TAKE SOME BUGGY TO OUTSTEP THIS BABY!

MEANWHILE, ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE...

QUIET AS A TOMB! ALL CLEAR! C'MON!

IT'S MY TURN TO DRIVE TONIGHT!

LISTEN, PAL, I HAVEN'T HANDLED THE 'BILE IN A WEEK! IT'S MY TURN.

DUAH..H..H! SUCH TALK—BLACK BEAUTY PURRS FOR ME THIS TWILIGHT.

WAIT, WAIT! WE'LL DO THIS THING RIGHT! LET'S SEE NOW...VIPER VASQUEZ, YOU'VE RUN OVER THREE PEOPLE... MUGS MILLIGAN HAS TWO SAPS TO HIS CREDIT, AND LITTLE SNOWPLOW ONLY ONE! YOU DRIVE, SNOWPLOW. WE'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

WE'RE OFF! DUAH..H..H..

GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE STOLEN EXACTLY 980 GRAND! TONIGHT WE WILL LOOT THE HERBERT JEWELRY COMPANY FOR TWENTY MORE AND LEAVE TOWN WITH AN EVEN MILLION IN OUR JEANS? DO YOU AGREE?

YEAH—SOONER OR LATER SOMEBODY'S GONNA FIND OUR HIDEOUT!

I AGREE! HOW ABOUT YOU, SNOWPLOW?

DUAH..H..H!

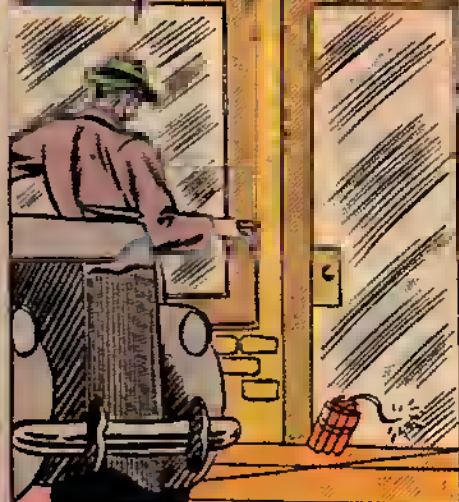


THERE'S TWENTY GRAND WITHIN EASY REACH BEHIND THE COUNTER. WE'LL HAVE TIME TO BLOW THE DOOR OFF AND FETCH IT BEFORE THE POLICE COME!



SNOWPLOW, KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING! HERE WE GO!

ONE... TWO... GET READY, BOYS!



THREE... WHAT?



IT'S YOUNG ROBINHOOD AND HIS BAND!

NOT A MOVE, YOU BUTCHERS OR WE'LL HANG YOU UP LIKE STUCK PIGS!



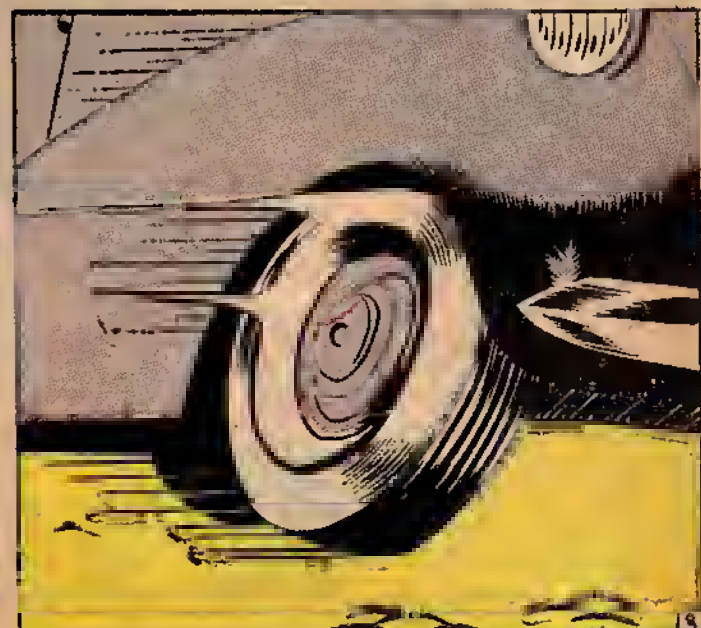
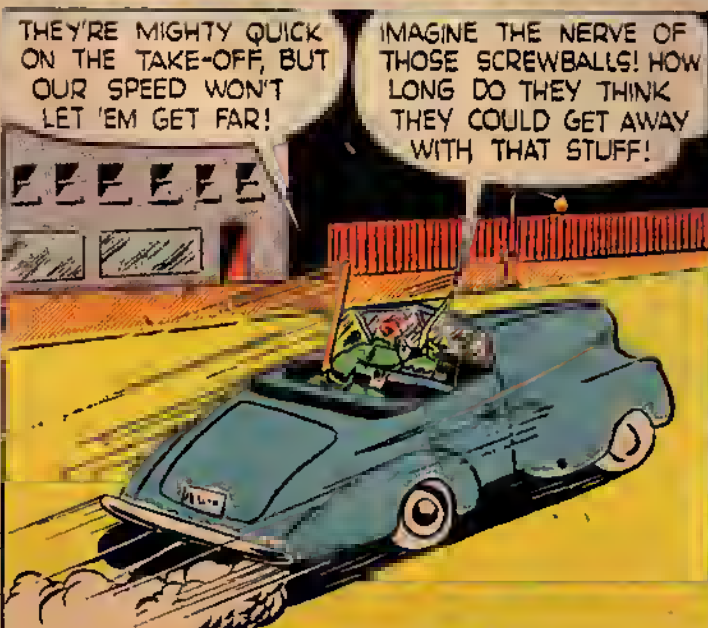
SNOWPLOW, SLIP IT THE GAS! WE'LL TAKE THESE BOY SCOUTS FOR A RIDE THEY WON'T FORGET!

BUT CERTAINLY!

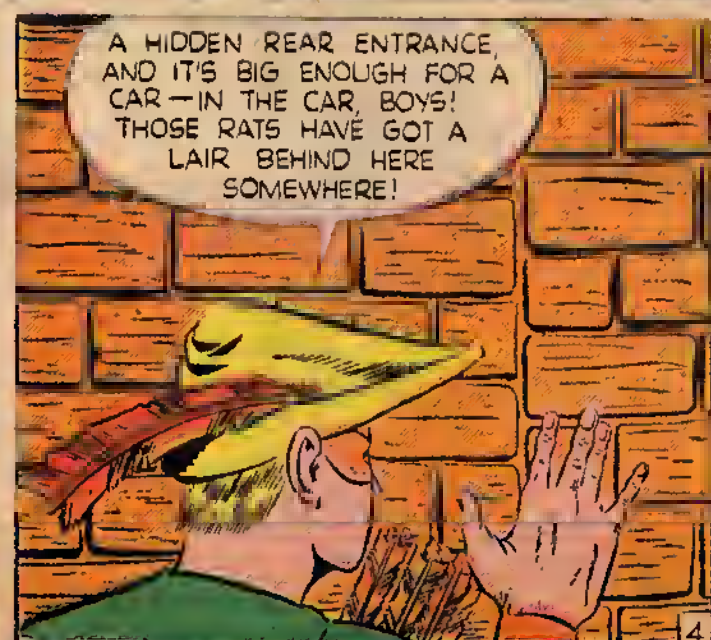
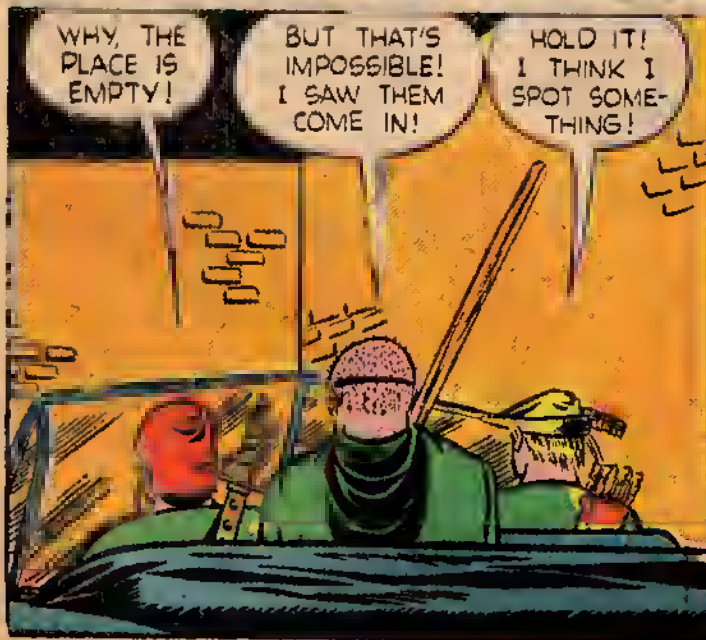
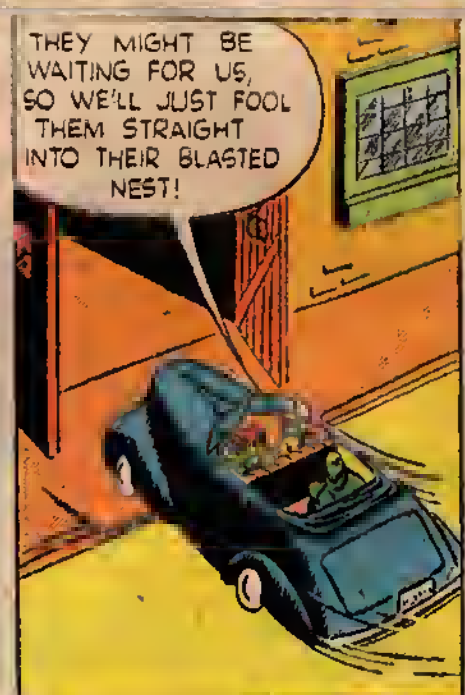
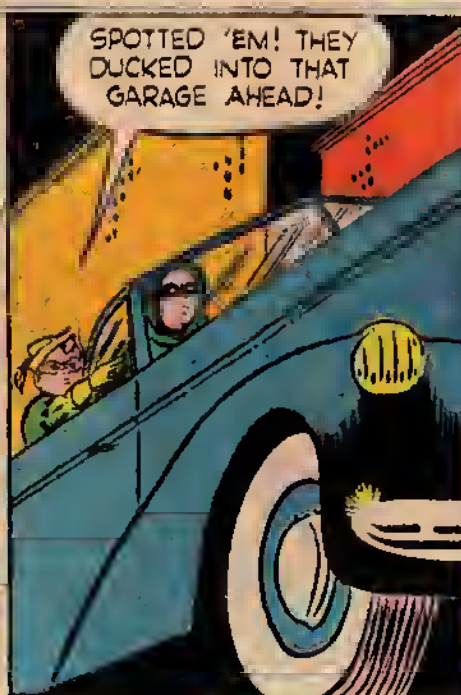
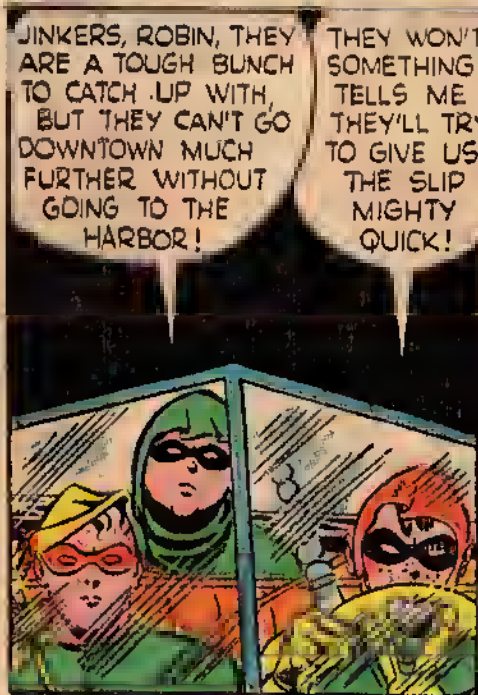
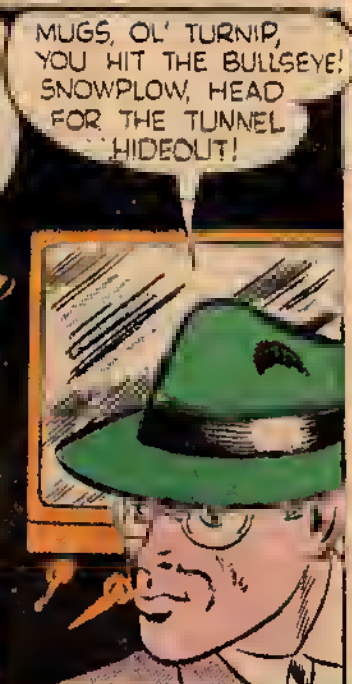
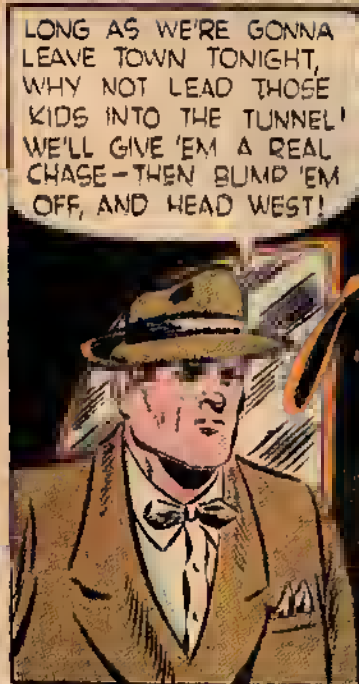


THEY'RE MIGHTY QUICK ON THE TAKE-OFF, BUT OUR SPEED WON'T LET 'EM GET FAR!

IMAGINE THE NERVE OF THOSE SCREWBALLS! HOW LONG DO THEY THINK THEY COULD GET AWAY WITH THAT STUFF!





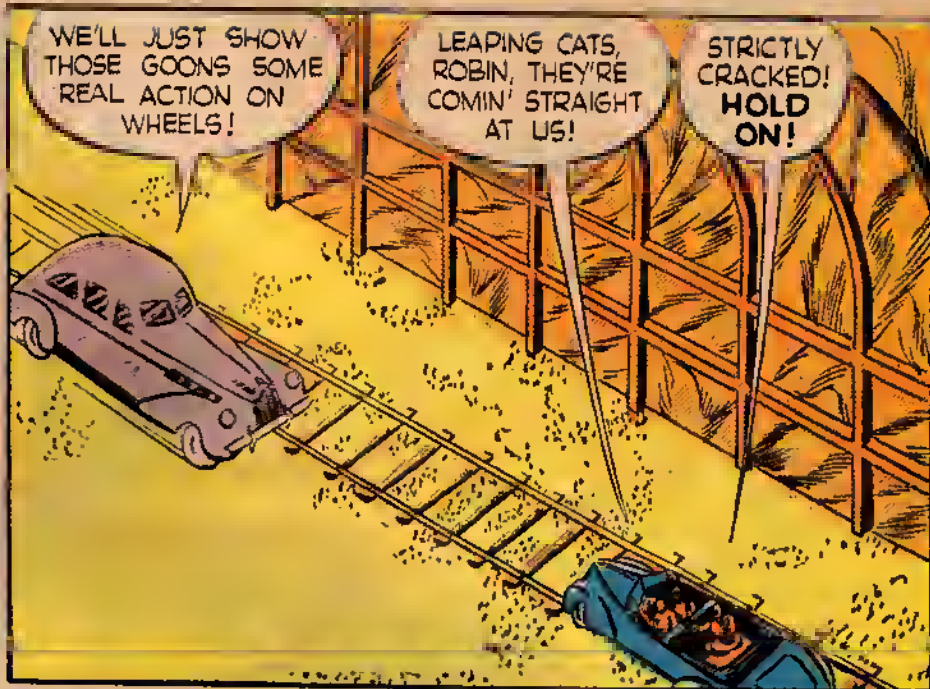






HA! THERE THEY ARE! SNOWPLOW, I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL!

DUAH..H!



WE'LL JUST SHOW THOSE GOONS SOME REAL ACTION ON WHEELS!

LEAPING CATS, ROBIN, THEY'RE COMIN' STRAIGHT AT US!

STRICTLY CRACKED! HOLD ON!



HA, HA, HA, HA!

DUAH..H..H WAS YA FRIGHTENED!

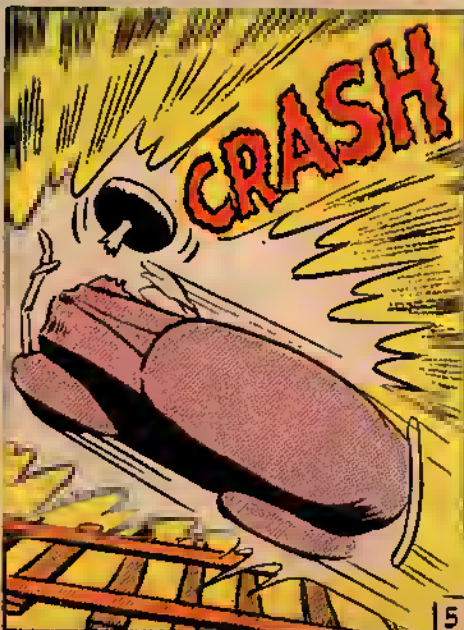
WHY THOSE... HAND ME MY BOW, JOHN!



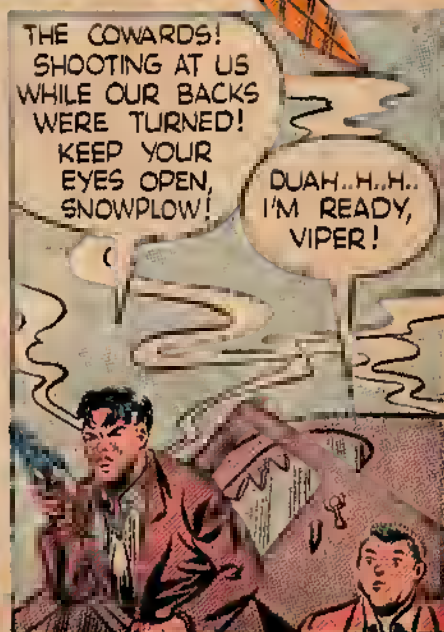
TRY OUT-DRIVING THIS STEEL HEAD, WISE GUYS!



MY EYES! MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!



CRASH



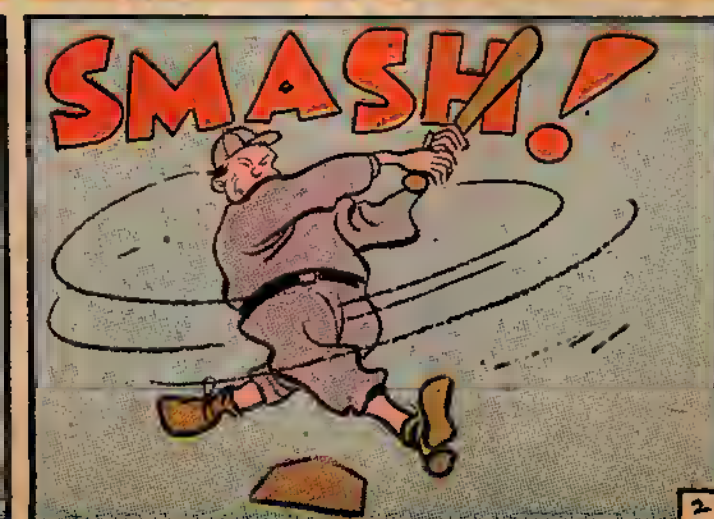
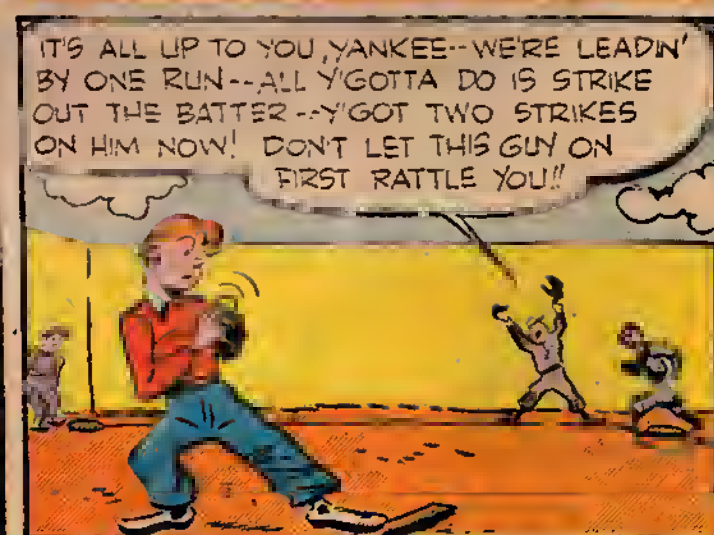
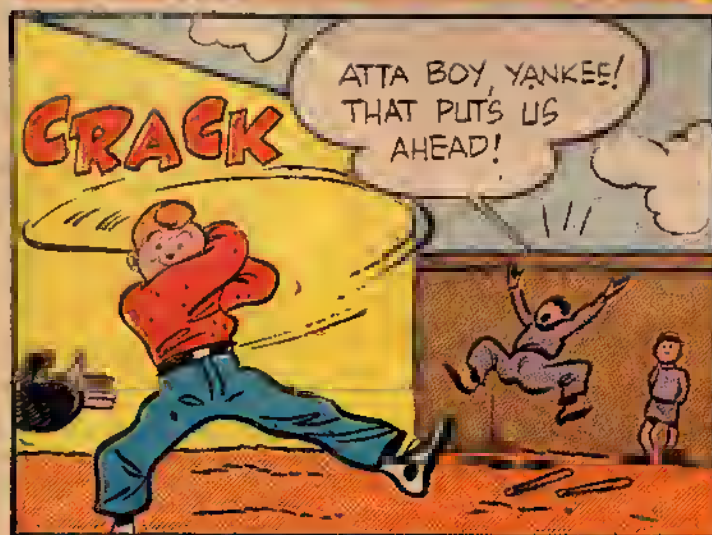
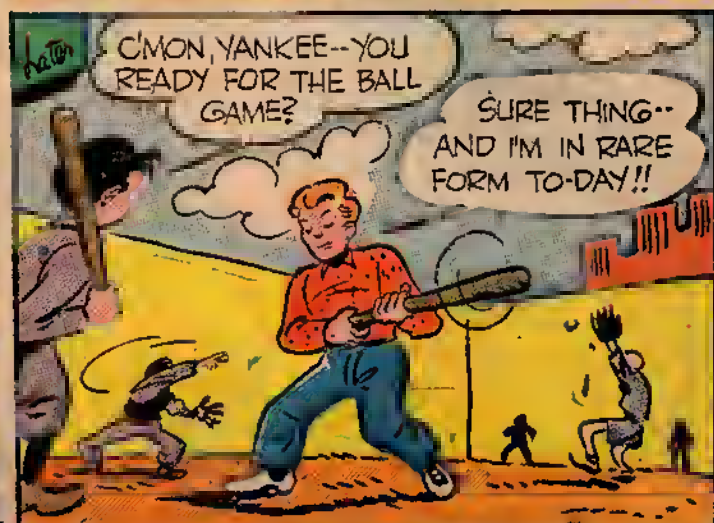
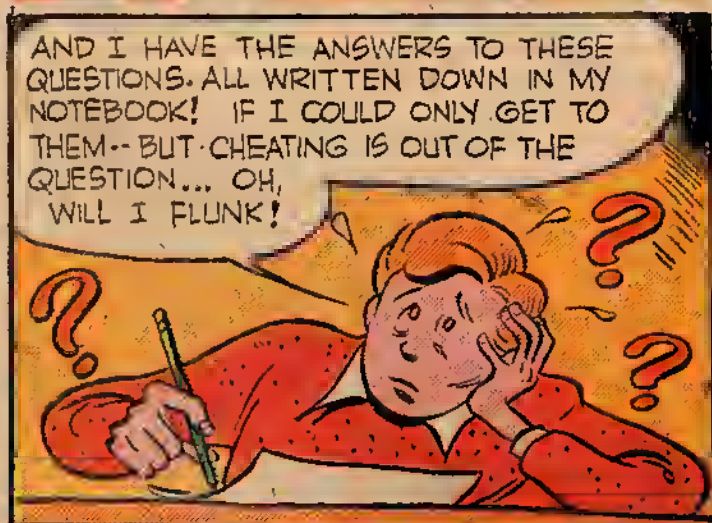
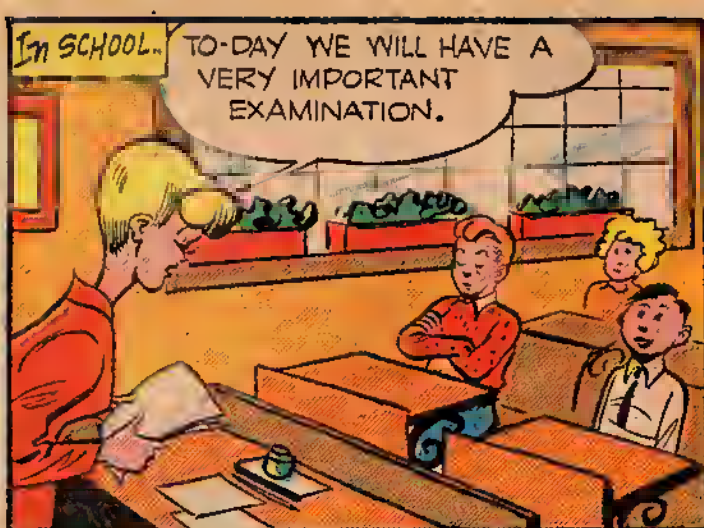
THE COWARDS! SHOOTING AT US WHILE OUR BACKS WERE TURNED! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, SNOWPLOW!

DUAH..H..H.. I'M READY, VIPER!

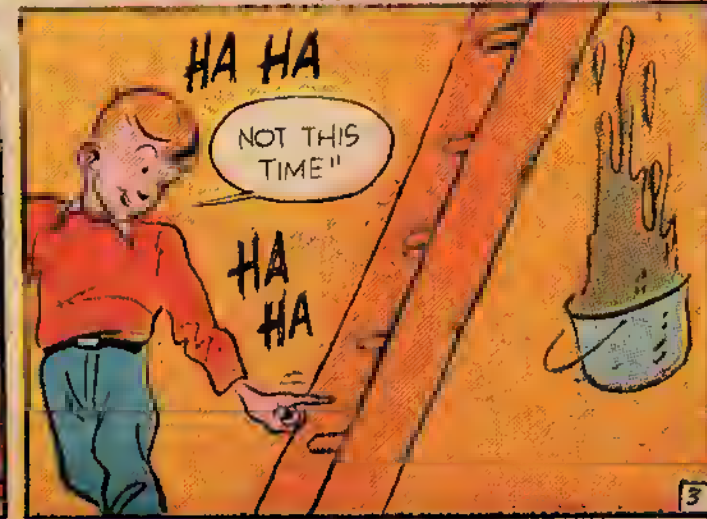
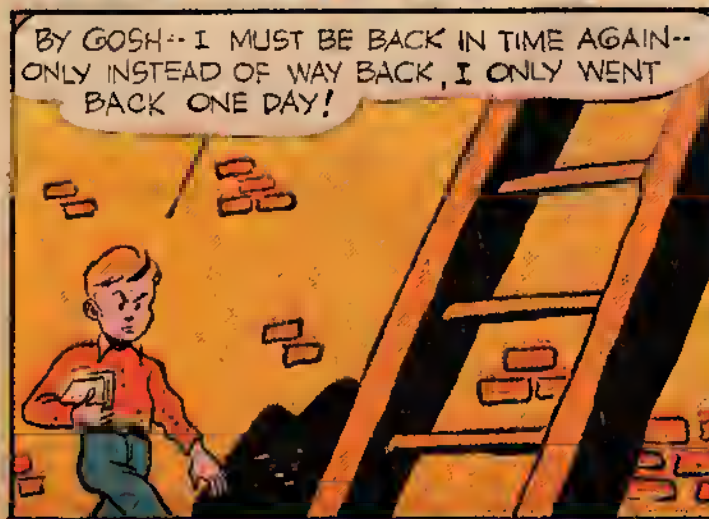
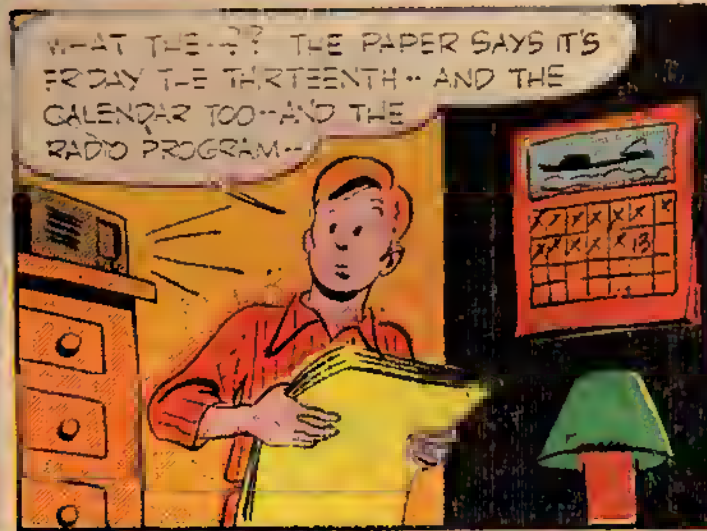
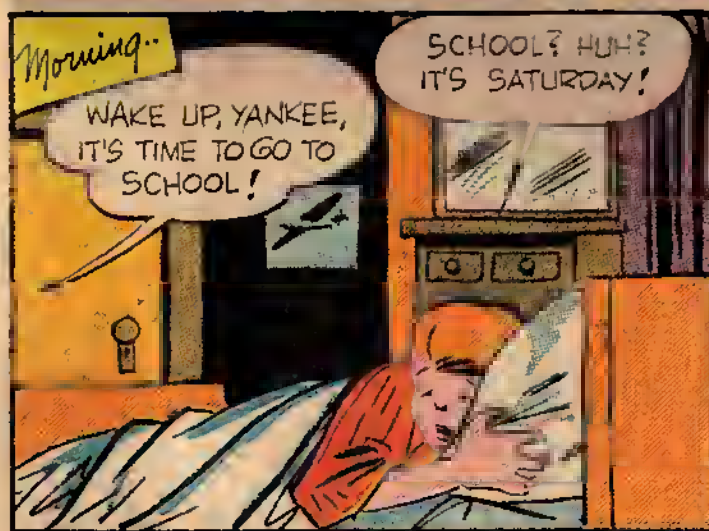
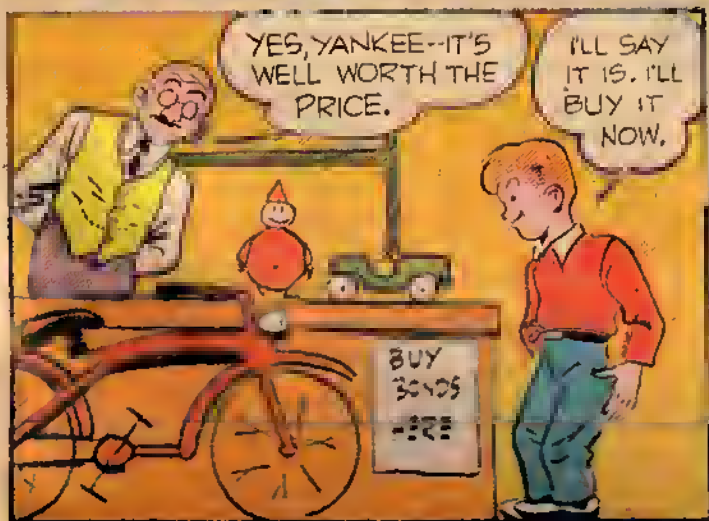
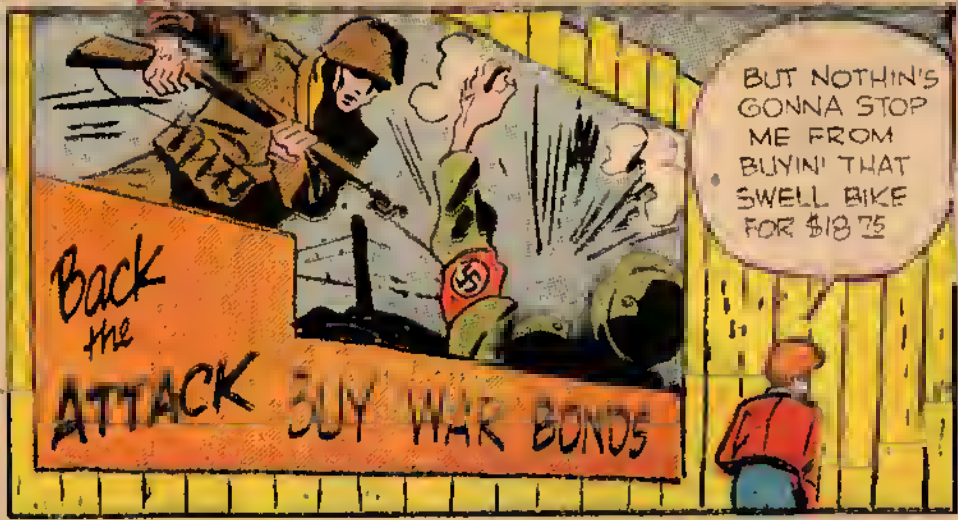
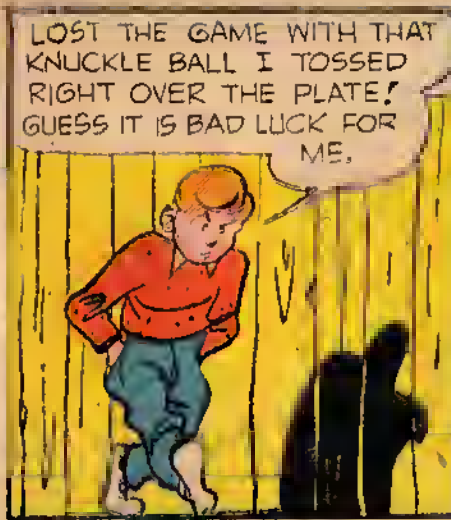










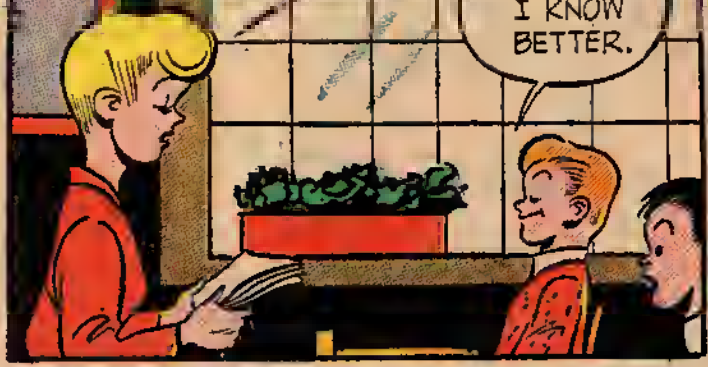




**IN SCHOOL**

TO-DAY WE HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT EXAMINATION.

THIS TIME I KNOW BETTER.



HOT DOG! THE SAME QUESTIONS! ONLY NOW I KNOW THE ANSWERS!

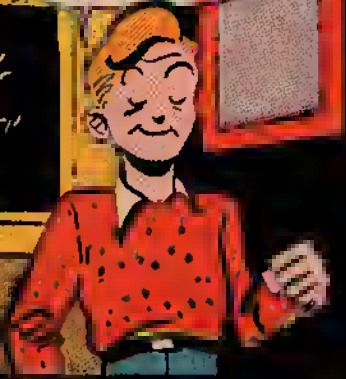


WHY YANKEE! YOU RECEIVED 100% ON THE TEST!

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS!

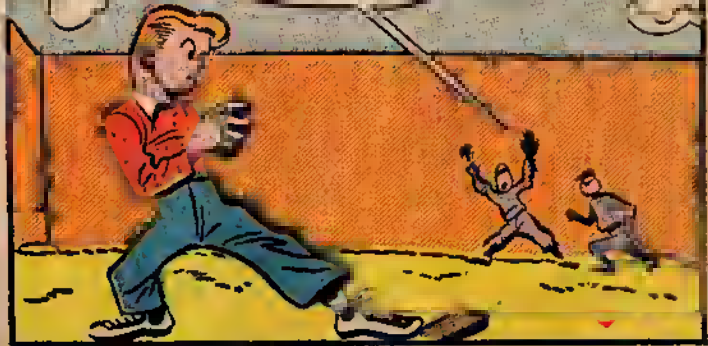


*Notice*  
Ball game will start this aft at 5 sharp!

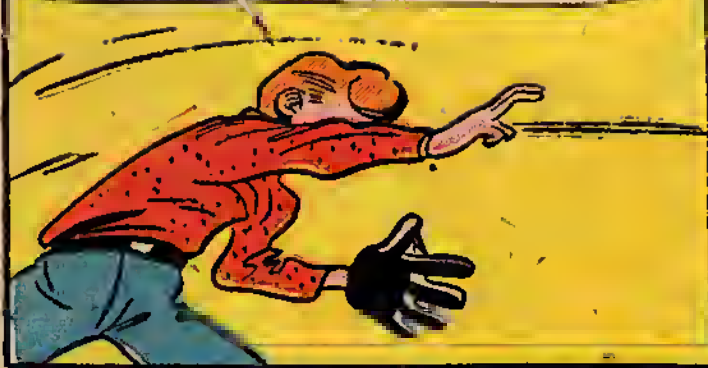


*Later*

IT'S UP TO YOU, YANKEE--WE'RE LEADIN' BY ONE RUN! ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS STRIKE OUT THE BATTER!



BOY OH BOY! WHAT A LIFE THIS IS--KNOWIN' JUST WHAT TO DO AND WHAT NOT TO DO! NO KNUCKLE BALL TO-DAY!



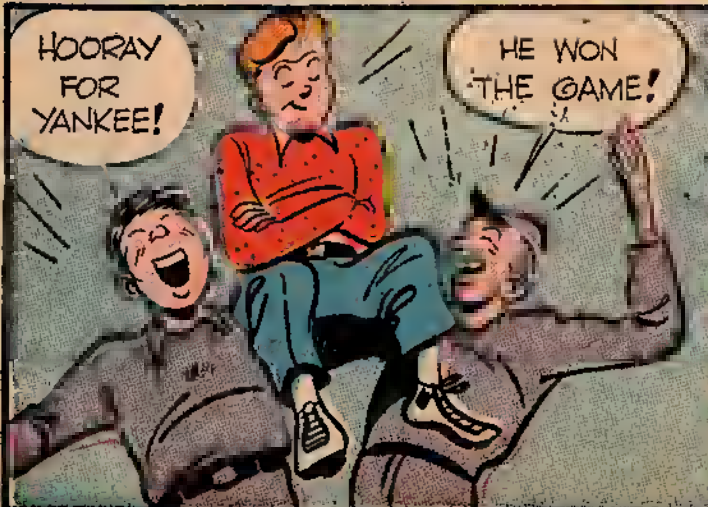
**SWISH**

HE STRUCK OUT!



HOORAY FOR YANKEE!

HE WON THE GAME!





HEY



HEY KIDDO! Y'WANNA  
COME UP HERE AND  
FIGHT WITH ME?

HUH?

SURE' SURE!!

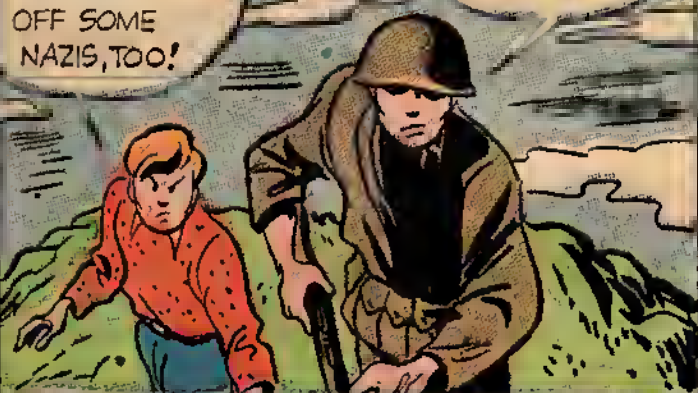
Back  
the

ATTACK

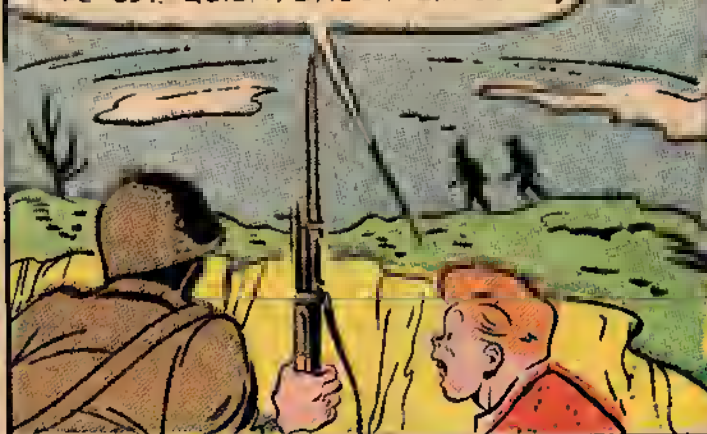
BUY WAR BONDS

SURE--I'D  
LIKE TO KNOCK  
OFF SOME  
NAZIS, TOO!

YOU WOULD, HUH? THAT'S  
WHAT THEY WANT TO DO  
TO US.



LOOK! A COUPLE OF NAZIS!! THEY  
SEE US!! QUICK! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

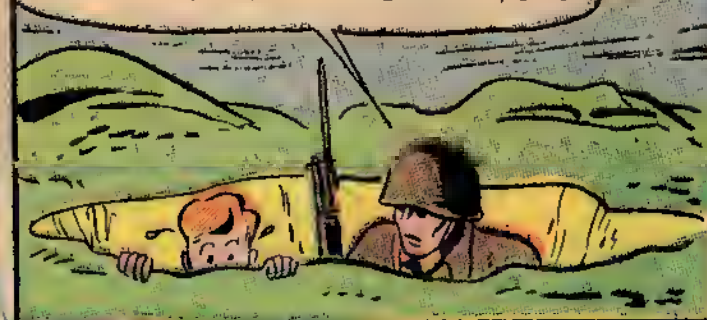


SORRY, KID.. I CAN'T! I'M ALL OUT OF  
AMMUNITION! NOT A BULLET LEFT--NOT  
A GRENADE -- I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH  
SUPPLIES. SOMEBODY FAILED  
ME!!

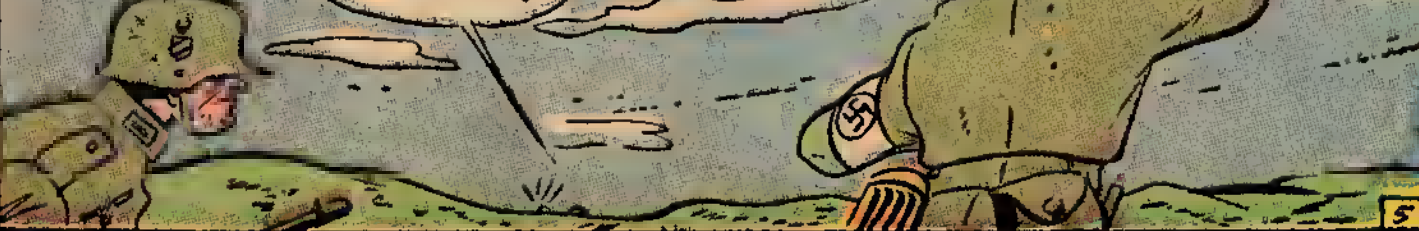
SOMEBODY  
FAILED YOU??  
HOW?



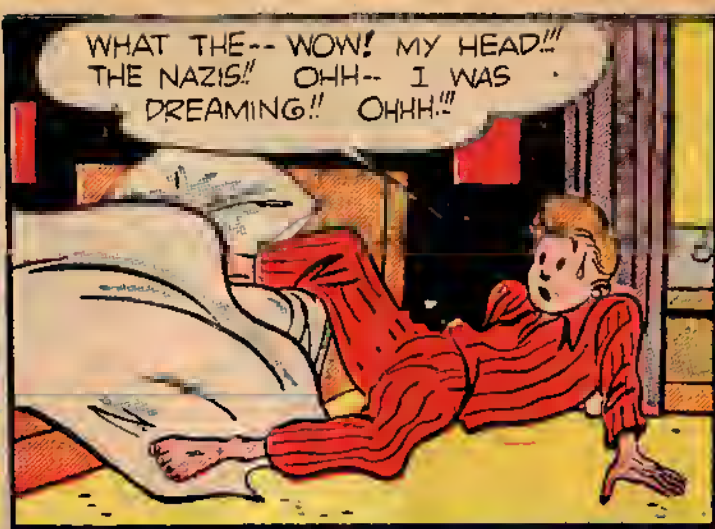
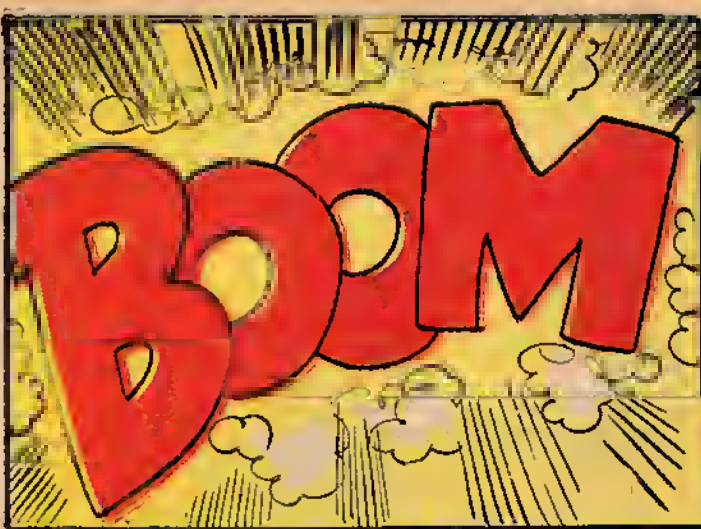
THEY'RE COMIN' CLOSER, KID. YES--I WAS LET  
DOWN! C'N YOU IMAGINE IF THERE WERE A  
STORE SELLIN' AMMO --RIGHT HERE--HOW  
MUCH YOU'D BE WILLIN' T'PAY FOR A MEASLY  
BULLET--RIGHT NOW? Y'D GIVE A THOUSAND  
BUCKS --A MILLION-- WOULDN'T YOU?



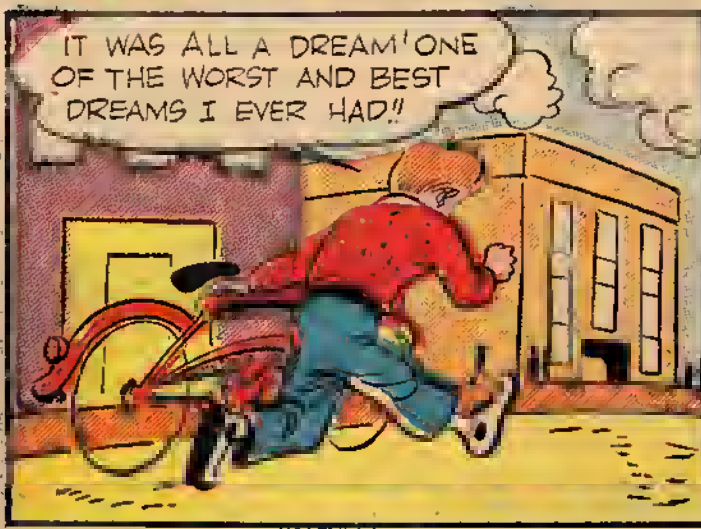
BUT IT ALL COULD'A BEEN MUCH SIMPLER--IT DOESN'T COST A  
THOUSAND BUCKS--A MILLION BUCKS-- NOT IF FOLKS KEEP THOSE  
WAR BONDS ROLLIN'!! WE COULD HAVE PLENTY OF AMMUNITION  
RIGHT NOW--T'KILL THOSE NAZIS OUT THERE--IF SOMEONE  
BACK HOME HAD BOUGHT AN EXTRA BOND FOR  
\$1875. IF ONLY SOME SLACKERS LIVING NICELY  
BACK HOME COULD SEE  
US NOW!



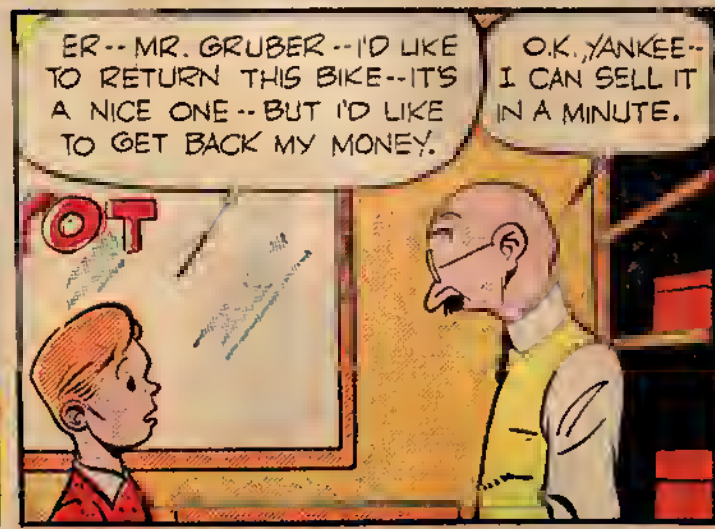




WHAT THE-- WOW! MY HEAD!!  
THE NAZIS!! OHH-- I WAS  
DREAMING!! OHH!!

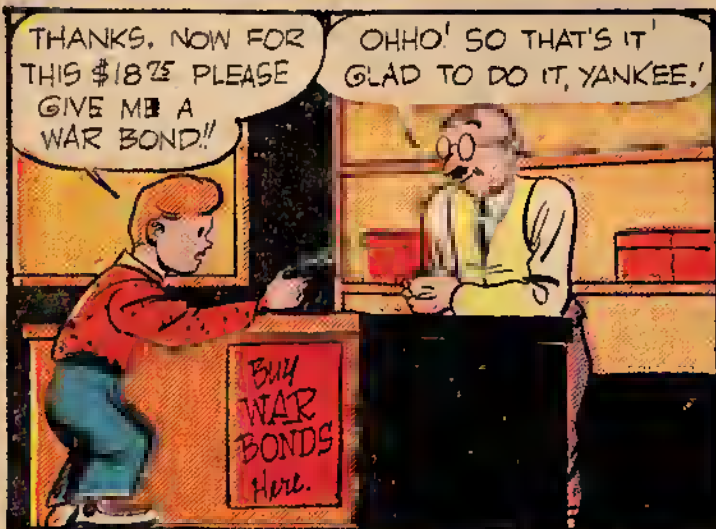


IT WAS ALL A DREAM! ONE  
OF THE WORST AND BEST  
DREAMS I EVER HAD!!



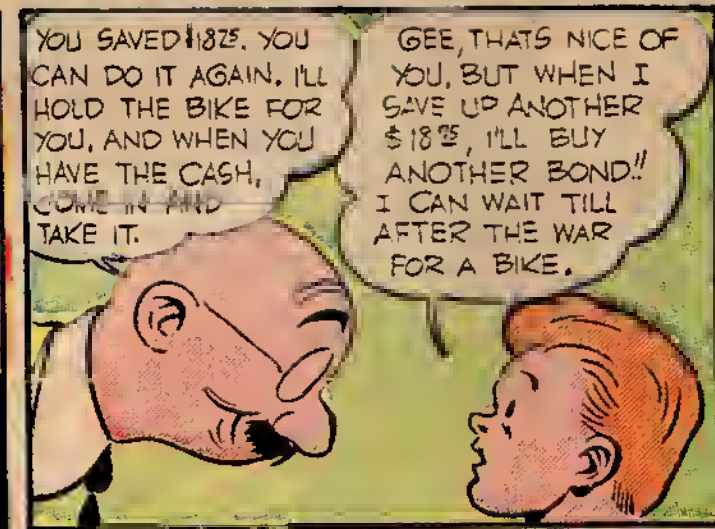
ER-- MR. GRUBER-- I'D LIKE  
TO RETURN THIS BIKE-- IT'S  
A NICE ONE-- BUT I'D LIKE  
TO GET BACK MY MONEY.

O.K., YANKEE--  
I CAN SELL IT  
IN A MINUTE.



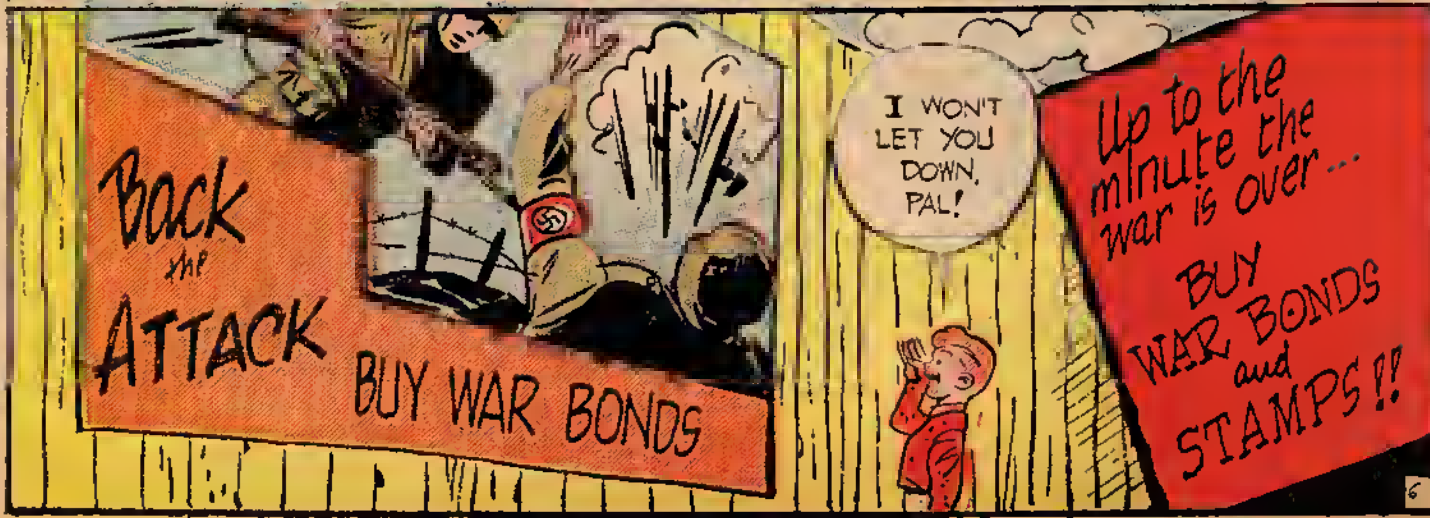
THANKS. NOW FOR  
THIS \$18.75 PLEASE  
GIVE ME A  
WAR BOND!!

OHHO! SO THAT'S IT!  
GLAD TO DO IT, YANKEE!



YOU SAVED \$18.75. YOU  
CAN DO IT AGAIN. I'LL  
HOLD THE BIKE FOR  
YOU, AND WHEN YOU  
HAVE THE CASH,  
COME IN AND  
TAKE IT.

GEE, THAT'S NICE OF  
YOU, BUT WHEN I  
SAVE UP ANOTHER  
\$18.75, I'LL BUY  
ANOTHER BOND!!  
I CAN WAIT TILL  
AFTER THE WAR  
FOR A BIKE.



Back  
the  
ATTACK

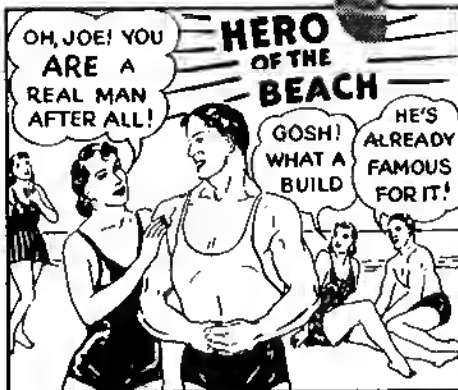
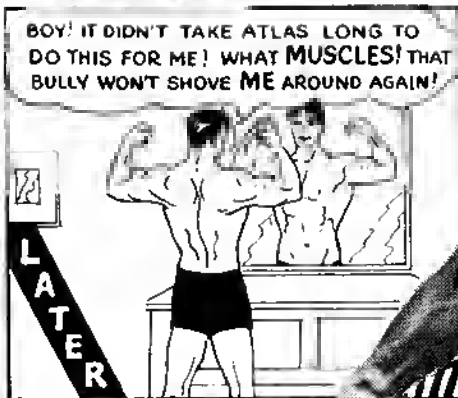
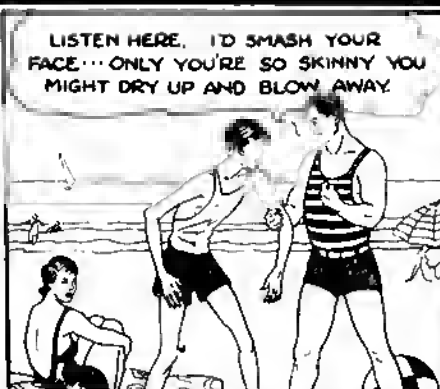
BUY WAR BONDS

I WON'T  
LET YOU  
DOWN,  
PAL!

Up to the  
minute the  
war is over...  
BUY  
WAR BONDS  
and  
STAMPS!!



# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 282J 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 282J  
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

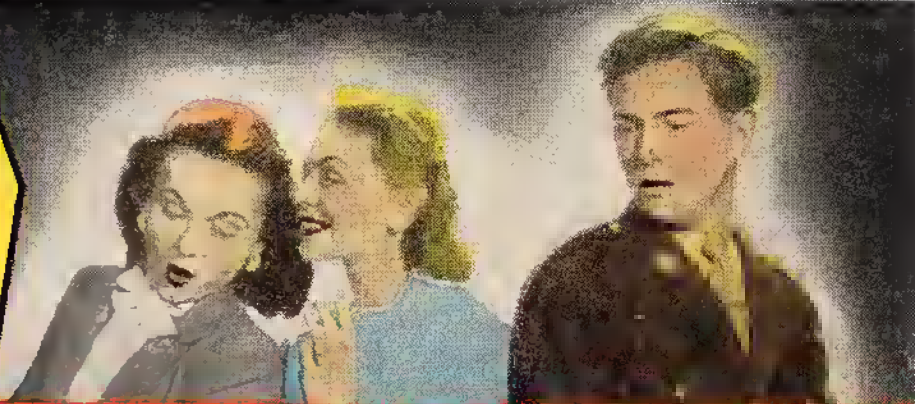
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A





THEY USED  
TO GIGGLE,  
LAUGH and SMIRK  
GIRLS THOUGHT I  
WAS AN AWFUL JERK



WITH  
GLOVER'S NOW  
MY RATING'S HIGH  
MY HAIR'S GOT CLASS  
I'M A DIFFERENT GUY!



**MEN!** It's the trim, neat fellows that get the gals!

Glover's famous 3-Way Medicinal Treatment is helping to give a neat, attractive, well-groomed appearance to many American men and women in the Armed Forces. Three generations of Americans have used Glover's Mange Medicine for the Scalp and Hair. And now, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress complete this tried-

and-true treatment. Try all three, separately or together—AT OUR EXPENSE! Ask at your favorite Drug Store or PX. Your money back if not delighted. TRIAL SIZE! Each product in a hermetically-sealed bottle, packed in special carton with complete instructions and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair." Mail the coupon today!

**TRY THIS FAMOUS 1-2-3 MEDICINAL TREATMENT AT OUR EXPENSE!**

# GLOVER'S

with massage for  
**DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP  
and Excessive  
FALLING HAIR**



**1** Apply Glover's Mange Medicine with massage for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp and Excessive Falling Hair. You'll like its pines fragrance—you'll feel the exhilarating effect instantly!



**2** Wash your hair with GLO-VER SHAMPOO. Produces abundant lather—leaves the hair soft, clean and EASY to comb. Good in hard or soft water! Use after each application of Glover's Mange Medicine.



**3** Use Glover's Imperial Hair Dress for conditioning scalp and hair. Use this new kind of "oil treatment" for easy application and a smart appearance. Special instructions for women. Non-alcoholic. Antiseptic.

*Send for*  
**COMPLETE TRIAL  
APPLICATION**

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
if defective or  
not as advertised within

GLOVER'S, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 5410, N. Y. 1, N. Y.

Send by return mail "Complete Trial Application" package, as advertised. I enclose 25c.

☐ I am a member of the U. S. Armed Forces—send "Complete Trial Application" FREE. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



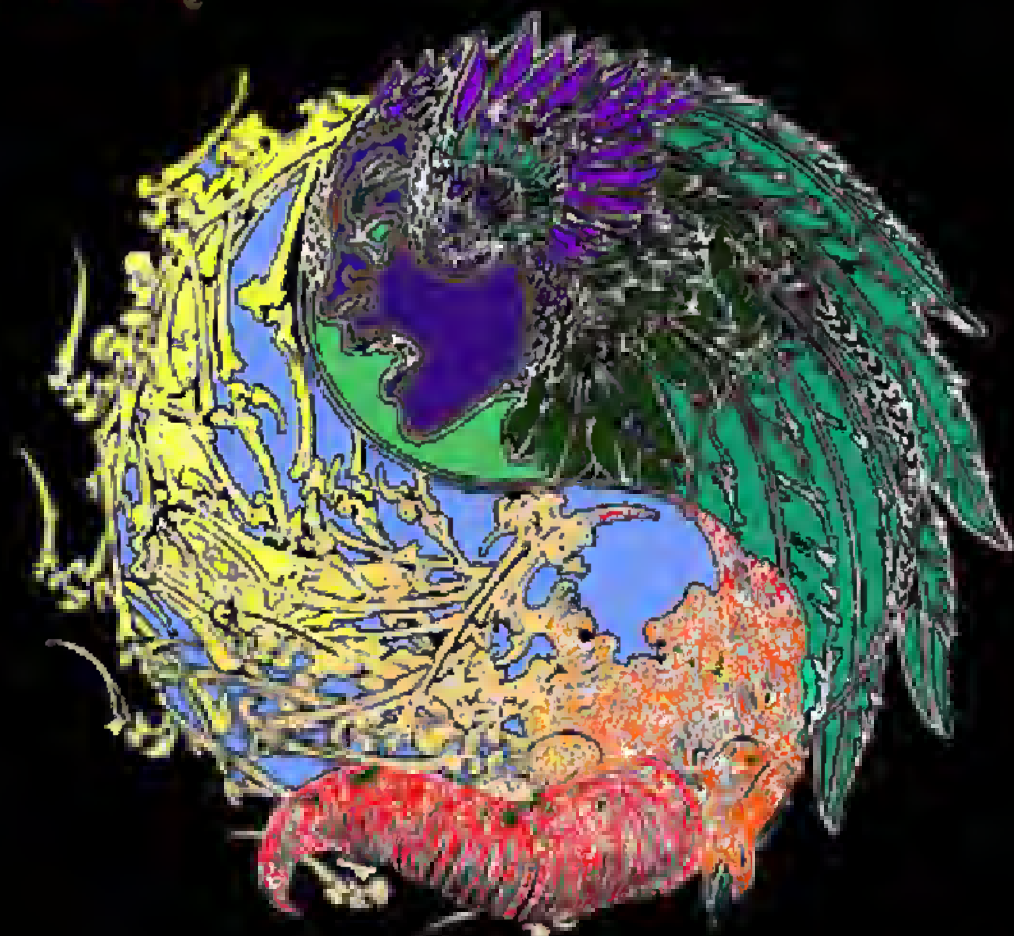
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